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THE LITTLE GREEN DEMON

The Parrot that Meddled in a Courtship

By E. Livingston Prescott

WITH DRAWINGS BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

IN A DINGY little alley at the side of "Tamise ripe"—now over-ripe and full-flavored—on a dull day of autumn, there wandered a melancholy young man. The leaden, metropolitan sky, the sullenly sweeping, dun river, edged with an unholy yellow froth avidly scanned by small, squalid wreckers, suited his frame of mind. He possessed a dark and saturnine countenance which did not in the least represent a character whose affections and principles were stubbornly virtuous, though the element of push was distinctly absent.

His name was Ned Vannell, and he belonged to an Indian regiment, but not of Bengal Cavalry or Frontier Horse with romantic traditions, by whom Vannell's own corps was rudely characterized as a "scratch lot." He was home on leave; home, in his case, signifying a small bedroom in very West Kensington and his club in St. James Square. It was his singular good luck to be honestly in love; his much less singular ill luck to have no prospects.

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Dorothy Chetwynd possessed charms patent to other eyes beside Vannell's, and a moderate fortune. Hence the unrest which brought him to this most dismal alley. He expected shortly to return to India, and though he had never dared to entertain the wild idea of taking her with him, in sanguine moments he saw a vague vision of a tacit understanding to "wait." Then he thought of the men who buzzed about her in Berkeley Square and could "give her a home," and hit himself hard with a mental fist.

Suddenly his abstracted eyes were caught by a local tragedy. At the door of one of the low-browed houses, one containing a square yard of dusty shop-window, a crowd of ragged urchins swarmed, pointing grubby fingers of insular contempt at a small, elderly, brown man in a dirty turban, who shrieked and jabbered by turns in his own tongue and in broken English, making frenzied leaps in the air at something another man—stout, red-faced—held out of reach.

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This object, whose tiny claws were clutched fast in his great fist, was a wee, green parrot, which remonstrated volubly, and sometimes dug an ineffectual beak into the cuticle of a coarse finger. An angry shake from its captor made it scream so lustily that the distracted owner jumped higher than before, and, rolling his onyx eyes, slid his hand—to take it away again with a balked air—to his lean waist; whence, in his native Orient, it would not have returned innocuous.

Now, Vannell did not like to see anything hurt, especially things small and weak, like the native and the bird; perhaps he imagined an allegory of his own struggle against a large, oppressive Fate. The stout, fatuous, prosperously dressed tyrant seemed to represent the world. He also met the parrot's eye. You can achieve this better with a parrot than with any other bird I know. Vannell had been acquainted with parrots before, and in the dearth of other society in India had enjoyed their companionship. This one had an effect of pointedly addressing him, babbling ten times over in an extremely flurried voice, "Sahib! Sahib!"

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So Vannell, lank and strong, and, in his mild fashion, reckless, elbowed his way past the local roughs, demanding with an accent of authority:

"Hello there, I say! what's up?"

The little old native looked at him, dazed, but hopeful; he knew the cut of a British officer. He made a low salaam, and was beginning, with a wave of his olive claw—"Protector of the Poor!"—a phrase instantly echoed by the parrot—when his big enemy cut him short, in a gross voice of scarcely veiled impudence:

"What's up? Why, this old scaramouch ain't pyde no rent fer a fortnit, and owes me fer rice fer 'is messes from my shop 'ere. So I was goin' to tyke 'is blessed old poll-parrot, as I've a right to do."

At this the parrot uttered invocations to all its gods, while the native, adjuring it with many endearments to be silent, embarrassingly groveled on the muddy pavement at Vannell's feet, and, clasping his knees, poured forth a tale. How that originally he had been the servant of a great sahib, but, through illness, had lost his employment and descended to this dunghill; but that another sahib had procured for him a post of humble dignity, by whose emoluments he hoped in a short space to come to honor and pay all that he owed. That, nevertheless, this pig and son of a pig, in his gross lack of confidence in the honor of mankind and the sunshine of the favor of the Heaven-born, maievolently declined to wait and desired to take from him his father, his mother, his wife, his possessions, his children—which appeared to mean the parrot.

Some people, when they are unhappy, find a sound comfort in making others so; but Vannell was too good a fellow for this. He wriggled his long legs from the native's strenuous clasp, and took action. Poor as he was, he considered that a few shillings could not matter much, one way or another.

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Perhaps he held an indistinct superstition that the blessings of the poor and old can do a man no harm. He said curtly to the proprietor of the shop: "How much does this person owe you?"

"Nine bob. Are you goin' to p'y?" he grunted. He was not struck by the intervener's clothes, or any general air of opulence. The native, paralyzed, remained kneeling, open mouthed, on the miry stones, while Vannell, saying, "I am; but I'll have a receipt, please," shook off his fond clasp and walked into the little shop. Presently he crawled after, softly muttering, and the transaction was completed, to the vexation of the oppressor, who knew all the parrot's talents and virtues. The bird was restored, ruffled and agitated, making incoherent remarks to its owner, who instantly put it in his pocket, whence it uttered smothered ejaculations of gratitude in several dialects.

Vannell would have turned away, but the brown man danced a weird dance before him, impeding his progress and entreating a private audience so shrilly that the crowd increased, and the hero was glad to climb the dark ladder of a stair, leaving them to hang regretfully outside. It was a bare little slanting-roofed garret, where a faint Oriental flavor struggled with exceeding dirt.

Once inside, and having waved his guest to a seat, the native took the parrot out, set it ceremoniously on a broken chair-back, stroked it, and, whispering to it, indicated Vannell. The bird fluffed its feathers for a moment, watching its owner's eye, then poured forth a stream of hyperbolic blessings which were pointedly addressed to the deliverer of itself and its owner.

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The little Hindu smiled: "Know everything," he said; "do anything. Never forget—no time."

Vannell thought what a pretty pet the small, gentle creature would make for somebody he knew. He asked tentatively, "Would you sell it, to a good home?"

But the owner shrieked imploring and multiplied negatives, his hands raised over his head or beating his lean breast, and Vannell, seeing from the narrow window that his admirers had dispersed, took leave. First, however, the brown man caught his sleeve, and with an air of cunning eagerness, absurdly duplicated by the parrot with its head on one side, begged for his address, which Vannell gave, without inquiring his object, at his club, and the two parted.

A few weeks later a remarkable missive reached him there, written in crabbed Hindustani and pale-brown ink on a bill-head—Rouse, Grocer, Frenchman's Alley, Thames Side. The characters straggled strangely, as if the writer were swaying on the edge of something. Vannell, though he

"HELLO THERE, I SAY! WHAT'S UP?"

wondered at the urgent request for a visit, which the missive contained, complied.

"I suppose," he considered, "the poor old beggar is ill, and wants somebody who can speak his own language. He looked as if our pleasing east winds had about withered him up."

He learned subsequently that the post of dignity had been a crossing and a broom, secured to the native through the kind offices of a good-natured police inspector.

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Stumbling up the stairs in the dusk of the chill afternoon, he saw by the light of a miserable paraffine lamp, among a few dun rags of bedclothes, his little brown friend, shriveled to nothing. A dull-green hue struggled with the brown on his monkey face; his onyx eyes were already dim with the mist of the great river that divides the known from the unknown shore. His breath rattled like pebbles in an ebbing tide. The parrot sat on the pillow, on which his claws slipped, making nervous remarks in a low, flurried tone, and softly tweaking a gray hair or the tip of a bronze ear.

Vannell, torn between pity and awkwardness, reverent, if not acutely religious, vaguely wondered if he could muster courage to say the Lord's Prayer aloud; but finding himself unequal to this ordeal—whereat he was afterward suitably ashamed—asked a lame question instead as to the pains of the little body holding the great mystery of a departing soul. The man pushed it aside with his eyes, in which there was a touch of weary grandeur, as of one above or beyond mortal needs. Then Vannell saw a weak brown claw creep with slow pain upward to the pillow. The dry lips attempted a feeble chirp and word. The parrot, looking much depressed, stepped carefully on two trembling yellow fingers. Then the thin right hand was held out, guided by the left, to Vannell.

"Heaven-born; he is yours," the lips implied, rather than said. "And, behold! he is the Spirit of all Good Fortune."

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Vannell glanced with involuntary satire at the squalid garret. But the man was looking at the parrot with the long gaze the dying fix on their dearest.

"And now, beloved," he whispered, "go thou to the sahib, who has been a father to me in my need, and will be thine. For me—I go—elsewhere."

Vannell held out a somewhat unsteady finger, and cleared his throat in a vain endeavor to find a reply. The parrot, its last claw detached lingeringly from the familiar perch, stepped upon it. Its little feet had something, to his fancy, of the touch of an orphan child's hand. The green thing sat all humped and sorrowful while its new owner gave such thanks as circumstances permitted. Then, by a human instinct, he laid his own disengaged hand on his small brown brother's, and waited thus in the flickering glare and shadow of the paraffine lamp till the tide had gone down.

When he rose, having closed the eyes which saw matters beyond his ken, the parrot glanced in his face for information with such wistfulness that Vannell found himself constrained to give it, and it appeared to understand, and acquiesce mournfully.

He felt it absolutely incumbent to take on himself the expense of a humble funeral, inwardly excusing the extravagance by the value of the bird. He kept the parrot a day or two, because it seemed unkind to transfer the dead man's gift so soon. Also, he wished to ascertain that it would not open the acquaintance by biting to the bone a certain little finger. It exhibited, however, no worse vice than a desire to pry off gently with its little hooked bill all human nails, as obviously vain equivalents for claws.

Vannell, satisfied, clumsily made his offering, which was received with an enthusiasm for the bird, under which a little mother-wit would have enabled him to detect affection for the giver. A week or two later, a moderate legacy, which removed the absolute pinch of poverty, fell to his share. At this brilliant stroke of good fortune he went rather mad, and his feet carried him without volition to Dorothy's abode.

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It was a bright winter afternoon. The boughs of the trees in the square were cut clear against a pale-blue sky, and the air had a slight sting of frost. He found her and the parrot in conversation, alone. At first, Vannell talked stiffly, but as the early twilight gathered, the fire brought out plaintive curves on an oval cheek, and sang a home song that made the thought of exile keener. The green bird gibbered to himself in an undertone, with an occasional low "Ho-ho!"

Vannell remembered the Spirit of Good Fortune, and was emboldened to cross the room, making an excuse to see if the parrot had forgotten him. On the way, after his awkward manner, he stumbled over every portable object. He held out an absent finger to the bird, which it instantly ascended, and declined to dismount at any price. This had not been Vannell's intention. Pressed, it grew very thin, and scuttled hastily up his arm.

Vannell would have shaken it off with scant ceremony, but saw in the eyes he loved that this would have been accounted absolutely brutal. Resigning himself, he had, after two or three short sentences answered by minute monosyllables, got as far as a floundering but impassioned "If you only knew," when the parrot suddenly fell into a fanatic rapture, yelling devout sentiments full into Vannell's ear at the acutest pitch of its voice, with many genuflections.

Vannell, however, had never felt so irreligious in his life. His sole idea was to silence the creature, which he now viewed as a malign imp. He managed to secure its tiny claws—gently enough, because he remembered a certain dead hand—and to replace the green demon on its stand. But, alas! the propitious hour was past. A manservant, malign as the parrot, ushered in a large lady, who had come to stay.

Vannell rose hopelessly. All he could do was to press the little fingers he had been deprived of the chance of securing, and to say stiffly that this was good-by. As he passed the Spirit of Good Fortune, he bade it good-by also, in a muttered Oriental malediction of much point.

He departed to India in all the glory of his stupidity, and there entertained himself by looking in every home paper he could get hold of for an announcement of Dorothy's marriage. Eventually, he decided that he must have missed it and settled gloomily down to old bachelorhood.

Meanwhile, she did not marry at all, but remained with the parrot, whom she asked so often, in confidence, what Vannell had been about to say that afternoon, that one day it brought out the question in a plaintive voice, and was beaten dreadfully with its own shed tail-feather. This terrific torture left it dumb for a moment, but only impressed the sentence, with similar ones whispered by the same soft voice, more firmly on its memory.

Life rolled on, for the two people in England and India, on slow wheels, sometimes skidded by a poignant touch of regret, till both were uninterestingly middle-aged. The parrot alone showed no sign of passing years, but, ill little fowl that he was, rode the storm he had created; parrots, I am told by experts, never grow old, and rarely die.

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Colonel Vannell, C. B., D. S. O., got tired of India, and came home moodily to his club and a lodging in St. James'. At the former, he one day chanced to hear that the inevitable event on the presumption of which he had shaped his life had not, after all, taken place. Dorothy was not married. He fairly staggered, turning as pale, and afterwards as red, as a jaundiced complexion permitted. But the outward shock and stagger was nothing to the inner. When a supposition on which your whole existence has been arranged crumbles, the world is apt to spin. For a moment Vannell saw nothing but a Berkeley Square drawing-room containing, principally, a small green bird, whose demon yells of triumph filled space and demolished time.

On just such an afternoon as that of their parting, twenty-eight years before, he executed a flurried fantasia on the same front door, and was shortly ushered into the presence of the parrot, which seemed as piously self-complacent as if it had not wrecked two lives by uncalled-for meddling.

"Well, you little brute!" said Vannell.

The parrot made no reply—even as a heathen it had been a discreet and magnanimous fowl—but seemed lost in thought, perhaps remembering Vannell, but not quite able to identify him.

When he offered his finger, it gazed at it philosophically, having, in the cycle of years, found it hopeless to convert foolish humanity to its own higher tenets respecting nails.

Presently Dorothy came in, so breathless, bright-eyed, and with such a fine color that Vannell made gloomy reflection that the long, cold years must have passed gayly enough for her. His greeting was limp, and he sat down afar off—as he had been used to do, save in that one signal hour which the green demon had marred—apparently to stare at his own lean knees and make dry remarks on such thrilling topics as the improvement in cabs, etc. Dorothy thought sadly that he was just like himself, still. No visitor, however, came on this occasion, and the parrot remained silent as the grave. Asked by its mistress why it did not talk, it replied by a low, mocking "Ho-ho!" which appeared to Vannell so deadly appropriate that he could have wrung its neck.

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As on that winter day a lifetime back, twilight and firelight contended, and if Vannell had had the wit to look he might have seen a wet glimmer on certain dark eyelashes and two small hands tightly clasped. But he always had been the king of fools. The trite talk faltered into silence. Muttering awkwardly that it was so dark he could scarcely see her, he reseated himself somewhat nearer his hostess.

There was a long pause, in which he felt, rather than heard, a faint flutter of emotion. On this, a sweet voice, which none other in the world resembled, broke, with impossible, ineffable words that flooded the shadowy room with music, and light, and a great new sunrise of youth:

"Oh, Ned! What were you going to say last time?" it whispered. "Darling, darling Ned! Oh, I do love you so!"

What could a man do but clasp the speaker in his arms and kiss the lips that uttered such a question, demanding from them in turn the whole history of those starved years; and, before the reply came, pouring out a long-pent-up tide of passion? Only, as it happened, he kissed the wrong person. Nor could he understand why Dorothy should appear afraid to meet his eye, and start guiltily at a remark from the parrot which seemed to have a meaning in it: "Kiss me, Sahib."

Fondly interrogated, she pleaded that it was so—so sudden.

"I always was a blundering idiot," cried Vannell gladly. "I shouldn't have had the courage, even now, if your dear voice——"

To his horror she covered her face with her hands and fell to weeping inconsolably.

"It—it wasn't me at all!" she sobbed. "But—I—I had said it over so often to him that—that he learned it, I suppose."

"He!" cried Vannell, indignant and mystified. "Who dared?"

Then a slender hand slid into his, and, between tears and laughter, Dorothy said:

"Only the parrot, dear."

"Ho-ho!" sniggered the little green imp in benevolent reproach.

"You blessed bird!" said Vannell.

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"HO-HO!" SNIGGERED THE LITTLE GREEN IMP"

THE TWIN SISTERS

By OPIE READ

BETSY and I were twins. We were born and brought up in the Eastern part of Tennessee. In the old log schoolhouse we studied from the same book. In the grassy pockets of this rugged land we read heroic stories of ancient love. Our lives were one, and between us there had hardly crept a jesting difference of opinion at any time.

But a sad day came, when a throbbing drum beat upon the mountain side, and down in the valley screamed a nervous fife. Betsy was for the Union, and I stood for the South. Then it was that our quarrel arose. She called me a traitor, while yet her arms were about me; but we were tearing apart like tangled vines rudely pulled. We were from a long line of fighters, of heroes, and our blood was hot.

"Betsy, you don't really mean to call me a traitor."

"I do; you are a traitor to this flag."

She took a small flag from her bosom. I snatched it and trampled upon it. She slapped my face. Our mother—timid, heart-wrung creature—parted us.

"Oh," the poor woman cried, "that two sisters should fight."

"I will never speak to her again," I said.

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Betsy married a man who had fought for the Union. I wedded one who had followed Lee. We lived in the old community, with a sharp mountain rising between our houses. Time passed, and children came to us; we met at church, and at funerals, but did not speak. Once I looked up and saw her standing near, on the other side of our mother's grave. Our tears were falling, but toward each other our eyes were hard. Our minister came forward. He took me by the hand. "Dearly beloved," he said, leading me to the head of the grave and reaching for the hand of my sister, "how can you steel your hearts at such a time? Throughout the land you are called the two unnatural women. You have professed the love of our Lord, but the Lord commands us to love one another. The cause of your quarrel has long been settled. Your husbands meet and are not enemies. How can you stand apart?"

"We stand apart because we loved each other so," Betsy replied. "Man's heart can cool, but beyond a woman's love lies lasting hate."

"Are you not willing?" he asked, still holding my hand and gently drawing me toward her.

I caught the gleam of her eye. The blood mounted to my cheek in hot remembrance of her blow. I heard again the drum, the screaming fife in the valley. I saw my sweetheart in gray, my enemy in blue. A chant arose from the bowed mourners about the grave. To me it seemed a theatrical trick, a ruse to conquer me, and I drew back. From my sister's eyes came wrathful fire, lightning through a mist.

We stood at the grave of her husband, and then at the last resting-place of mine. But we did not speak. Our children were there, our two sons nearly the same age. They were enemies—they had fought. An old woman put her arms about me. "Don't you see that you are breaking your sister's heart?" she said. "How can you?"

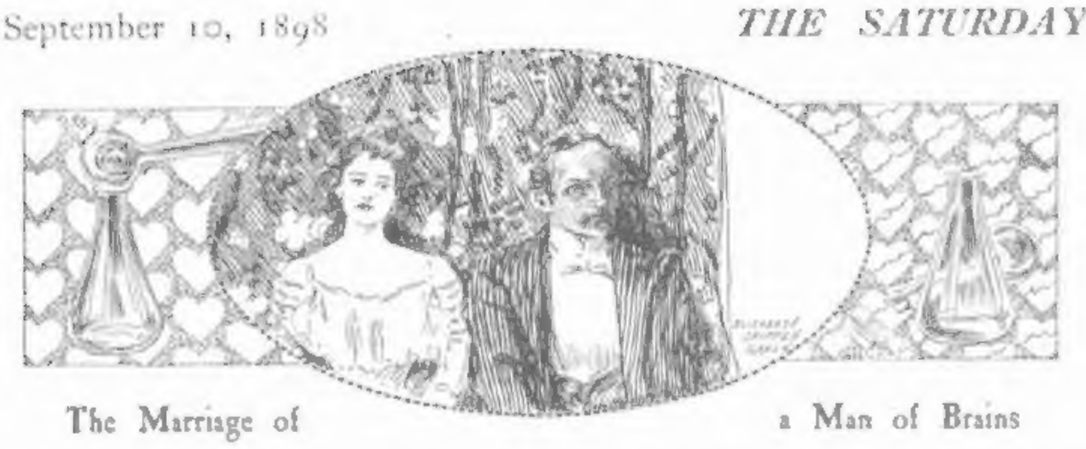
"She hates me," I replied.

"No; she sympathizes with you."

An angry shaft shot through me. "I want not her pity," I replied, and turned away.

The drum beat again and the fife screamed. I saw a flag coming down from the mountains. I stood at the gate, with my heart in my throat. Men muttered threats against Spain. The flag came nearer. The men who followed it were in blue. It drew nearer. Suddenly I heard a loud cry. I looked up, and there stood my sister beside me, the tears falling from her eyes. And then from my heart burst a cry to God. My son carried the flag, and beside him walked the son of my sister. I put my arms around her.

"I always loved you," she said, her wet cheek pressed against mine.



The Marriage of a Man of Brains

MISS HARCOURTE'S ONE AMBITION

By ROSALINE MASSON

With Drawings by Elizabeth Shippen Green

WHEN I first knew Douglas Fleming he was one of the undifferentiated young men who cluster about a ballroom door early in the evening and later on throng round the corner of the supper table where the oysters are.

As for Lilian Harcourte, she was a pretty girl in white, with fair hair, and not much to say for herself. The next winter, when we heard that they were engaged, they both assumed a kind of interest from the mere fact. Especially one glanced again at him, and wondered if there were any qualities that had attracted her, or whether it had been a mere inability to say no. He hadn't any money, and consequently the engagement promised to be a long one.

Time went on, and the young people became a standing fact and a permanent one. When this state of affairs had existed for three years or so people began to inquire if there were any talk of the marriage; and then it struck us that, whereas she had remained a pretty, fair-haired girl—he had developed into a distinct individual.

He was spoken of as a rising man, as a brilliant young scientist. He still frequented ballrooms, but he came late, and looked bored—even when she was there. And people said that they saw no reason for the delay. Her father was very wealthy—a man accustomed to float companies could easily float two persons. And still there was no talk of marriage, until one day there was a good deal of talk, for the engagement was suddenly broken off.

After this Lilian Harcourte went abroad, and Douglas Fleming went about looking very cheerful and deeply absorbed in his work. He consorted with men older than himself; he was appointed to lectureships and examinerships; he published pamphlets and contributed to scientific journals.

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In a year she came back, with something decidedly French in her appearance and in her method of wearing her hair. She was now more than pretty; she was decidedly striking. People wondered if she had got over it, and how they felt when they met; and then, after seeing them meet several times, people ceased to wonder anything about it, and even forgot that they had once been engaged.

It was about this time that I got to know her well. I remember I met her at an afternoon tea somewhere, and we were sitting together on a sofa, and I began to talk to her. I had always known her to a certain extent; but that is what happens in a town the size of ours—you know everybody more or less, and then one day you suddenly have half an hour's conversation with some one whom you have known all your life, but never spoken five words to, and you discover how nice that person is, and think what a pity it is that you never found it out before; and then you don't meet again for two years.

However, Lilian Harcourte and I did meet again, for I asked her to come and see me. The intimacy ripened, and presently we were fast friends. My husband didn't like her: he thought her stiff and dull. I told him it was shyness, and he said that shyness covered a multitude of sins. He didn't mind her spending her mornings with me when he was out; but he always demurred a little when I poked her into a dinner party. However, it was at our house in the early winter that she met Professor Vigors.

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Professor Vigors was a curious little old gentleman, with one eye much bigger than the other—my husband said it came from constantly looking down a microscope—and a startling habit of ejaculating "Bless my soul!" when anything was said to him. He was, however, an eminent man—one of European celebrity. He had discovered an animal with three eyes, and somehow proved by it that we used to have three eyes when we were monkeys, or something like that—and so, of course, I had to take him down to dinner. But I put Lilian on his other side, and, to my amazement, she knew all about him, and the three eyes, and everything else.

They got on beautifully during dinner, and afterward she told me with enthusiasm that he had asked her to go and see something—I forget what it was—at his laboratory, and would I take her there sometime?

"But he simply hates women doctors, and he despises women of any kind!" I cried.

"That's all the better," the girl said.

So we went a few days later.

The laboratory was a very big, dirty room, with bottles with beasts in them, and glass cases of bones, and a strange odor—several strange odors. But Lilian seemed to enjoy it. The Professor smiled at her enthusiasm. "You had better come to my class!" he said.

She turned quickly. "May I?" she asked.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed.

I shall always believe it was in that laboratory that I caught scarlet fever, for I sickened of it the very next day. I was shut off from all my friends for the rest of the winter.

When I saw Lilian again I was struck by the change in her, and so was my husband. She looked as bright and buoyant as a frosty morning. She talked a good deal about Professor Vigors—he had been "so kind to her"—"so helpful"—"so encouraging."

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My husband, when I told him, said she would probably end by marrying the Professor; and when I indignantly replied that she was twenty-five and he was sixty-five, my husband merely observed that it would not be the first time such a thing had been known to occur. Of course I couldn't tell him why he was wrong, though it is said a married woman is never a loyal friend.

How blind men are! I had always known Lilian's secret, even before she mentioned Douglas Fleming to me. She had only once done so—when some caller had been inveighing against broken-off engagements, and then, suddenly realizing, I suppose, that it was dangerous ground, had got up and said good-by, leaving Lilian and me alone in the firelight. We talked fitfully of other things, and then sat silent for a while.

Suddenly Lilian, a shadowy figure on the other side of the hearth, said softly, "I hope people don't blame Mr. Fleming. I was never worthy of him, you know. He simply grew beyond me—left me behind."

"My dear girl," I exclaimed, "I haven't the pleasure of Mr. Fleming's acquaintance, but as to your not being worthy of him, you wrong your whole sex by saying so. Men are splendid creatures—they do magnificent work—but women are——"

"Fools!" said Lilian, with such bitterness that my flow of eloquence was stopped short; and she took advantage of the pause to change the subject. We never resumed it, but we were better friends ever after that.

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It was from Professor Vigors himself that I learned the extent of Lilian Harcourte's scientific craze. I met him one day when I was out doing my morning shopping. He stopped me, and I thought it was friendliness, and forgave him for having caused my fever by taking me into that terrible laboratory; but it wasn't friendliness at all, it was the flowers I was carrying home for my table. He merely shook hands, and then adjusted his gold eyeglasses and peered down at them.

"Fine specimens of *Delphinium ajacis*," he said admiringly. "Where did you get them?"

"I bought them at a florist's," I told him, "and if you want to know their names they are larkspurs, and they cost twenty-five cents a bunch. I'll give you a few of them."

But he refused them abruptly; clever men are seldom very mannerly men.

"You aren't as interested in these studies as your young friend is?" he remarked.

I am the mother of a baby, and I dislike being treated like a schoolgirl. We used to be taught botany at Miss Jawkin's—we elder girls had a dozen lectures during our last term—but I never can remember any Latin names except two, and as one is *Aurora borealis*, and the other is *Delirium tremens*, I thought it wiser to say nothing.

"Miss Harcourte speaks much of your kindness," I observed stiffly. But I was melted by the way he praised Lilian.

"She ought to have been a man!" he cried. "Bless my soul! What a waste of ability! The girl has a real love of zoology. She has converted me. I confess I thought but poorly of the sex before. I never believed any of their pretty protestations, any of these modern theories. Why, bless my soul, any first year's student knows more than they do, and thinks less of it! To hear them airing their theories and their knowledge! But this young woman, she grasps what you mean before you've said it! And as it is a mere chance that she discovered her vocation, I can't help thinking it is the fault of the system, and that there may really be many clever, capable women who have never had their chance, but have merely married and become household chattels."

"We shall have you reading a paper before a Women's Franchise Society on the utility of the rational dress, dear Professor Vigors," I said; "but the fact is, that, as I am one of the lapsed masses you deplore, I am going into this intelligence office to interview cooks. Good-by."

I gave a little dinner soon after, and asked them both. I remember I was eating curried prawns, and wondering sadly if the new cook would do as well, when I caught Mr. Fleming's name and looked up. If that very stupid little Professor wasn't regaling Lilian with a eulogy on her former lover! That comes of a man being so wrapped up in his subject that he doesn't know what is going on around him. Lilian was looking rather impassive, and her eyes were lowered; but I noticed the color in her cheek deepening.

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"If she can't trust herself to look up," I commented, "then I should judge the Professor's chances are *nil*."

"Fleming is one of the most brilliant men we have!" the little gentleman assured Lilian. "I prophesy a future for that man! Bless my soul! His reasoning is as clear as a bell; and as to his methods—his methods are masterly. Have you ever met him?"

I am only a married woman, but I have tact. No one was looking at me, and I tipped over a glass of wine, and then hastily pushed my chair back to save my gown, and succeeded in making a great fuss over the spreading stain on the white cloth.

When we went upstairs after dinner, Mrs. Wilkie came and drew me into an alcove. She is a fashionable lawyer's wife, and therefore a great gossip. "I heard some talk about Mr. Fleming going on at your end, my dear," she observed; "but really your husband was so entertaining that I couldn't catch what was being said. How does Miss Harcourte take the news of his engagement? Has she heard it?"

"I really don't know," I replied, "but I don't fancy it would affect her much. All that was years ago, you know, and was it not she that broke off the engagement?"

"No; it was he," the woman answered.

"Well, it's a matter of ancient history. And who is he engaged to now?"

"To little Mrs. Newark."

"Are you sure?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, yes, indeed! It was at the officers' ball on Tuesday night, and he was being congratulated yesterday evening at the club."

and I put it into an envelope and sealed it. When Lilian came to say good-night, I gave it to her. "Don't open this till you are in your room and alone—promise me!" I said.

"What is it?" she asked, smiling.

"Not till you are in your room and alone," I repeated, and she promised with a laugh and went away.

I thought the other guests would never leave; and when the room was empty I broke down utterly, and my husband, returning from having seen the last lady to her carriage, was frightened out of his wits, and ran down to get me a glass of wine, which is always a man's first thought.

I didn't tell him, though. I said my fever had left me weak, and that I had been so vexed by the *soufflé* being smoked. One has to fib, sometimes; one can't help it.

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All next day I couldn't get Lilian out of my head. I did not like to go near her. I knew she was too proud to say anything to me, and it would be like prying on her. There are some things one has to bear alone, however loved one is. My husband came home early that afternoon.

"Well, little wifie, how are you?"

I said I felt better, and asked him to bring me a footstool. He brought it, and then he sat on it himself.

"I say, that *soufflé* must have been very smoked," he observed abruptly. "Miss Harcourte is quite ill, too."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Old Vigors declares that she has smashed a test tube and has completely shaken his faith in woman."

"What do you mean?" I asked severely. He knew this sound of my voice, and leaned his head back against my knee and told me the story at once.

"I met Vigors, and we spoke of last night. He was looking very gloomy, and when I mentioned Miss Harcourte's name to him I found out the reason. He favored me at some length with his views on women's education, and he instanced Miss Harcourte as an example. It seems he had asked her last night to go to his laboratory at ten o'clock to-day to see some section of a beast or something—hinted it had been a bit of a favor. Your young friend jumped at the invitation, overwhelmed him with gratitude, and went off beaming. Turned up at the laboratory this morning quite listless and uninterested, and asked utterly unintelligent questions. Poor Vigors was positively plaintive."

"Well?" I cried, when he paused.

"Well, and then Vigors owned he asked her rather sharply what was the matter, and she dropped the section and spoiled three months' work, and said it was a nasty, horrid, slimy, fishy thing, and that she was tired, and hated zoology, and then fainted away."

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"Oh, poor Lilian! It was the air of that horrid laboratory! I know it was!"

My husband got up off the footstool and stood by me, leaning against the table.

"And the consequences were that she gave up the study of science; and the world said that you can never tell what a woman's motives are," he observed. "But you are a good little soul," he added; and he stooped down and kissed me on the cheek suddenly.

I believe he had guessed the whole thing.

Lilian Harcourte and I drifted apart after this; we never spoke of the matter, but the knowledge that I knew embarrassed her.

Mr. Fleming married the golden-haired widow; but they are not in my set, and I don't see much of them, though I occasionally meet her driving about in a little victoria. The other day I heard that Lilian was going to wed a wealthy widower, a stock-broker, thirty years her senior—the sort of man whose name is only of value when it appears on a check. It seems a pity, when one has only one life on earth, to drift into such a prosaic way of spending it.

"THE LABORATORY WAS A BIG, DIRTY ROOM WITH BOTTLES, CASES AND STRANGE ODORS"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, Miss Harcourte's One Ambition, is taken from A Departure from Tradition, a volume of short stories by Rosaline Masson. Published by Bliss, Sands & Company, of London.

THE KING'S WREATH OF GOLD

Rewarding the Bravest Deed in History

By

Wardon Allan Curtis

With Decoration by J. J. Gould

THE King had made a proclamation appointing a day upon which all who were so minded might appear before him to tell of the bravest deeds which had ever come within their knowledge. This they were to do in some measure as champions of those whose deeds of valor they related. For to the doer of that deed which he should adjudge the bravest, the King was to award a golden wreath, the leaves of enameled green, with emeralds, pearls and rubies springing between them, signifying unripe, partially ripe, and ripe berries.

If the valorous person were alive, the wreath was to be given him; if he were dead, and his grave were known, it was to be laid upon his tomb; or, if he were dead and the place of his burial were unknown or forgotten, or his friends so elected, it was to be hung in some shrine to his memory.

On the appointed day, there stood before the King a Troubadour of Provence, a Lady of Seville, a Knight Hospitaller of Saint John, a fat Abbot, and a Byzantine Greek, one of the many who had fled to Western Europe on the first invasion of the Osmanli. Besides these, there were the officers of the Court and a vast concourse of citizens, as many as could assemble within hearing of the Royal dais, which was placed on the edge of the fields where the knights on occasion assembled for jousts and gallant feats of arms.

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The first to speak was the Troubadour, and he told a tale of the wars between the Albigenses and Count Raymond of Toulouse. It was of a young knight who, when in command of an expedition, had sworn to come back with a victorious Army or as a corpse. He had been accompanied by his lady-love, to whom he had sworn the oath. On encountering the enemy, strongly posted in a pass in such wise that no one could break their ranks and live, and his own troops wavering in the attack, he had thrown himself upon the serried rows of lances, breaking them down and opening a way for his followers, gaining victory and honor, but losing life and love.

The King sat in thought for a moment after the Troubadour had concluded.

"There is no need of hearing more," said he finally. "No braver story than this, of him who rushed to certain death before the eyes of his love, can be told."

"But wait, Your Majesty," said the fat Abbot. "He was brave, I grant; but remember, he had sworn an oath to gain victory or death, and, being a man of honor, could but keep his word and win one or the other. His lady-love was there, and how could he live a disgraced craven in her sight? He did only what thousands of others would have done in the same place."

"That is true," said the King.

"My tale of bravery is of a woman," said the Lady of Seville; "a woman urged on by none of the enthusiasm and excitement of war, the blare of trumpets, the inspiration of martial array and fluttering flags, the approval of the multitude, and the rewards of rank and military distinction. It is twenty years since that the Countess of Miraflores returned to Seville from a sojourn in Navarre to find the city in the grasp of the plague which, brought to the seacoast from the Orient, had passed through the Moslem realms to the Christian lands.

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"The Countess was overjoyed to hear that her husband and their only child, a little daughter, had departed from the city on the first outbreak of the plague and were now in a place of refuge in the mountains. But her delight was brief, for, on approaching their asylum, she learned that it was ill called a place of refuge. Her daughter lay at death's door with the plague.

"Being apprised of her mother's coming, the stricken girl begged to see her, and, despite the remonstrances of the doctors of medicine, the Countess entered the sick chamber. Already had the extremities of the child grown chill with the creeping death. Rousing herself with a supreme effort, the child stretched her arms toward her mother and wailed in agonized entreaty:

"'Kiss me before I go.'

"The air of the room was deadly; to remain in it was mortal peril; to kiss the lips of the girl was to quaff deliberately of the cup of death.

"Did the mother hesitate? Quickly she threw off the restraining hands of the doctors, and, rushing to the bedside of the girl, clasped her to her breast and kissed her again and again, until it was no longer a living mortal that she held in her embrace."

"This," said the King, "is assuredly the noblest and bravest deed of which I have ever heard. What need to parley further? The wreath is awarded to the Countess of Miraflores, and fifty of my bravest knights shall guard it into Spain, where it shall be placed on the lady's tomb in fair Seville."

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"Your Majesty," said the fat Abbot, "I see nothing brave in this, only the all-pervading mother instinct. The Countess of Miraflores did no more than the poor partridge of the woods, that flies in the face of the hunters in order that her brood may escape; than the foxes and wolves, which starve that their young may live; than the poor cows, which clumsily engage the angry lion to save their helpless calves from death.

"There is scarcely a peasant mother in your realm who would not have done what the Countess did. The mother-love passes understanding. It is madness, not bravery; an instinct which all emotions full often fail to counteract. Had this been the lady's husband instead of her child, then were the case different. The wreath does not belong to the Countess."

"No," said the Knight Hospitaller of Saint John, and the Byzantine Greek; but the Troubadour said "Yes," and struck a clanging chord on his lute.

"Hernandez del Pulgar," said the Hospitaller, when the King had motioned to him to speak, "was in his youth as rake-helly a youngster as there was in Old Castile—a gambler of the worst description, a forger of oaths, a desecrator of shrines, a robber of the Church, as bad as any Moor, except that he hated all Paynimrie, which was his only virtue, albeit a great and commendable one.

"At last the authorities of the Church were forced to take notice of his manner of life, and Father Anselmo Zamorra of the Holy Office held a few conversations with him. Then he recanted all his errors and began to lead a new life. For sundry and divers affairs with travelers on the highway, half of his immense estate was forfeited to the Crown; and because of his impiety and heresy the Church took away the other half.

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"From the day of the loss of his property, Del Pulgar was a changed man. Instead of hazarding his money in gaming, he hazarded his life on the Moorish frontier, and instead of gold coins stamped with the head of the King, which he was wont to carry home as the results of his hazards, he now brought the heads of Moors. Three years after he had begun these good works, the King swore that prayers to the Virgin should go up from the great mosque of Granada; but the war which he proclaimed to make good his oath was not successful; his army was driven back and he stood forsworn before his people.

"It was then that Hernandez del Pulgar, on condition of restoration of his estates if successful, and six hundred masses for his soul if he died, proposed to purge his King of involuntary false swearing. Riding by night and hiding by day, he penetrated the dominions of the Moor until at last, in the full panoply of a Christian knight, he clattered through Granada's streets ere yet the populace were asleep, nailed to the door of the great mosque a parchment upon which was inscribed the Ave Maria, and rode away again, unscathed."

"That truly was a brave deed," said the King, musingly.

"But essentially a gambler's," said the fat Abbot. "Your soldier is always a gambler; Del Pulgar was no more than any other gambler. What is it that sends the venturesome fools of the coast careening into gales in their scudding craft? The delight, the keen delight of danger, of risk, of chance. The gambler is not avaricious; the delight of risk, of chance, fills him.

"And so the soldier, and the foolhardy boy, and the squirrel that does not leap up the tree trunk until the jaws of the dog are almost upon him, all rejoice in the keen zest of chance, though that chance be the chance of life or death. Never did the excitement of gaming so fill Del Pulgar with such joy as the hazards of war, and the dash into Granada was the crowning joy of all. And by it, too, he won back his estates."

"Very well," said the King; "let us hear of your brave man. Doubtless to his claims you will make no cavil, and he will be the one to receive the award of valor."

"Of that I am sure," said the fat Abbot, "and no roundabout tale shall I have to tell. It is of Saint Bartholomew, whose story is too well known to you to need repeating. One who would withstand all the temptations and tortures he did, and finally be flayed alive, when he might have purchased life, riches and position by abjuration, is surely a braver one than any of these others of whom we have heard. I crave, Your Majesty, that in lieu of the golden wreath, you pay for the rehabilitation of his church in this city. It is a crying shame that all the other churches should be possessed of goodly endowment while his is bare and without adornment and the priests poverty-stricken and meagre."

"When Saint Bartholomew died, what became of him?" asked the Byzantine Greek.

"He was immediately translated to Paradise," said the fat Abbot testily.

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"If he had abjured his faith, what then?"

"He would have been damned at his final end, which abjuration could only have postponed, not avoided.

"Then, since, like all men, he must die sometime, and by dying when and how he did he won Paradise, what bravery was it for him to keep steadfast, instead of abjuring and so encouraging eternal damnation? Rather was it cowardice."

"That it was," said the Troubadour heartily. "Give me an unassoilzied knight who meets death in battle with his sins all on him. He is a braver man than the sanctified martyr who knows that after a brief pain Heaven is his."

"You have not made your case," said the King to the fat Abbot, as an approving murmur from the assemblage followed the words of the Troubadour. "We will hear what the Greek has to say."

"The very bravest of all brave beings that have ever lived," said the Byzantine Greek, "is not a man, nor a woman, nor a beast, nor a bird, nor yet an inhabitant of the deep sea. It is the Enemy of all Mankind; the archfiend, the great lost soul, the proud angel who led the rebellious hosts on the floor of Heaven, who, experienced in the joys of Paradise—whose delights we can only imagine—yet put them in eternal jeopardy when he marshaled his revolted cohorts.

"Justice, my lord King; justice, noble citizens, to the vanquished, yet indomitable, King of the nether world! Their just need of praise you do not fail to grant to our hated enemies, the Paynims; then grant it to the fiercest heart that ever beat!"

The Greek's voice rose to a shriek. As he ended, there was silence everywhere for a moment, and then arose a vast clamor, horror-stricken groans from the commonalty and shouts of acclaim from the knights, who, constrained by the unwritten laws of knightly craft to praise valor by whomsoever exhibited, cheered the words of the Greek.

Where the King sat, the groans were not to be distinguished and seemed but a part of a mighty chorus of approval, far exceeding any that had greeted the previous champions who had told their tales of bravery.

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"But the wreath, where should it hang?" faltered the King, when the clamor of the multitude at the Greek's words had ceased.

"On the gallows, on the tree at the cross-roads where the suicides lie buried? Surely we can hang a wreath to the glory of Satan in no shrine."

"The good Abbot will doubtless not object if you hang it in his church," said the Greek resentfully.

"Give me the wreath," said the King's jester, stepping forward lightly and snatching it from the salver where it lay in the King's lap. "By the voice of the King and the common consent of all, the Greek has won the wreath for Satan, and of a surety he has made a good case. But attend, my friends:

"The boldness of Satan was wondrous, surpassing. I grant you that. Yet, remember that he was an angel, one of the Princes of Heaven. But a little human insect who defies the laws of Heaven, what comparison can there be between his wild hardihood and the boldness of Satan? Treaties have been broken with the Burgundians; the envoys of Lorraine have been assassinated; the Legate of the Pope has been poisoned; even now the Swiss Plenipotentiary lies in an iron cage; the Queen Mother has been exiled to Flanders; the Queen Consort is to be divorced; and negotiations for a new Queen are in progress.

"Lo and behold! I award the wreath of valor to the perpetrator of these deeds, these unexampled defiances of sacred laws, one braver than Satan—our lord, the King!"

A great roar of commendation went up from the vast assemblage as the King arose with the wreath upon his head. A band of stalwart knights seized him and bore him aloft upon their shoulders, and the multitude followed into the city, acclaiming him their King, the most valorous of the valiant.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

With Photographic Illustrations by Mathilde Weil

Thirty-eighth Chapter

THE night of the happy day when Wilmot had his interview with his publishers he went up to Weyland's studio and told him of his good fortune. Weyland was sitting in a reclining chair smoking, but he sprang up and extended his big hand.

"I congratulate you with all my heart, my boy," he exclaimed heartily. "I knew it would come to you. You see, I was one of your new friends who wouldn't listen to that nasty report about your marrying for money. I saw too much 'git there' in that eye of yours to believe such stuff. I feel like dancing myself to-night. I never felt so good before."

"Another big order?" questioned Wilmot, as he sank on a lounge and accepted one of Weyland's choice Havana cigars.

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"Yes, the biggest to me that has come yet—the one that makes me happiest, at least. It is an order from my little girl to come post haste to Boston. She says she can't do without her old daddy a bit longer. Louis wants me, too. Oh, I want to go, you may bank on that. Lee, I've actually been so blue that I didn't have heart to put any work on my sky effects. But I'll work when I get with them again."

"It looks as if we are all going to leave," said Wilmot. "Harrison wants to move uptown to get into a more stylish locality."

"Harrison ought to," remarked the artist good naturedly. "He goes in for that sort of thing. I wish you were going over with me. Can't you arrange it some way?"

"I can't; I shall have a great deal to do before sailing," replied Wilmot.

"I'm going to take that charming Miss Fairchild with me," said the artist, rising to get a match from the mantel.

Wilmot was in the shadow of his big body, which had intervened between him and the light from the window.

"What?" he exclaimed involuntarily, unable to restrain this exhibition of surprise.

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"Yes." Weyland came back lighting his cigar. "Yes, those girls have been exchanging letters since Aline left, and Miss Fairchild has promised to go with me over there to stay several weeks. I stopped at the Gainin this afternoon. She'll be ready to leave with me to-morrow."

After that Wilmot was silent for several minutes; then he rose, went to his room, and dressed to go out. He was going to see Muriel at once. Her intended departure was excuse enough, even if any were needed. His heart was in his mouth all the way to the hotel. He sent up his card from the office, and went into one of the private parlors to await her coming.

"At last," she exclaimed, as she came into the room, holding out her hand. "I did hope, Wilmot, that I'd see you before leaving. I'm going to Boston to-morrow."

"So Weyland told me," said Wilmot. "I felt that I must see you, Muriel, before you left, for I leave New York myself in a week to be away a long time."

For a moment the girl stared at him without speaking, and then her voice quivered.

"You're going away, Wilmot?" she asked brokenly, with her eyes on the floor.

Editor's Note—This story, The Woman Who Trusted, was begun in No. 48 of the Post, May 28.

Then he told her of his appointment as London correspondent and his good fortune in regard to the early publication of his book.

Her face was fairly aglow with delight.

"I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "Now your great day is dawning. It lies before you—the day you and I used to dream about. I can't tell you the perfect happiness that filled me when I read Mrs. Langdon's article. The beauty of her account of Mr. Chester's marriage first showed me what a good heart the woman has, and her clever retraction makes me love her. As soon as I read it, I went to her room and kissed her. She actually cried, and presently told me all about her one love affair. It wasn't with Mr. Langdon, either, but a young man she knew before she was married. She told me you reminded her of him. Since Mrs. Sennett left and this article appeared, everybody is laughing at the absurdity of the first report. The girls in the house are dying to meet you. My friends, the Misses Van Tauber, want to give a tea in your honor, but my leaving would prevent it."

The hours flew by. The soft music which they could hear in the music-room died out. A mellow clock struck eleven.

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"I want to write to you if you will let me," said Wilmot as he rose to leave. "May I, Muriel?"

"You need no permission for that, Wilmot. If you didn't write I shouldn't know what to think of your estimate of my friendship. I'm going to believe in your future more than ever, too."

"I'm going to hope for more than literary success. I'm going to live for the realization of what is more to me than fame, more than life. I'm going to lay love, fame and success at the feet of the one woman in my world. Will she accept this love from me, Muriel, when she hears it?"

"She will doubtless tell you when the time comes, Wilmot." Then seeking to turn the dangerous conversation into safer channels, she made a laughing comment. But when the time to say "good-by" actually came, she grew nervous, and there was a tremulous undertone of sadness in her voice. And when they shook hands they both choked up, and then they parted without a word, except what was silently spoken in their eyes.

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Thirty-ninth Chapter

ON HIS arrival in London, Wilmot took lodgings in the vicinity of Bedford Square, and wrote and read in the library of the British Museum. As correspondent of The Literary Day it was necessary for him to become acquainted with the leading writers and artists of London. At first he received only a lukewarm reception, but six weeks after his arrival, his book being out, the English reviews were enthusiastically proclaiming him as the latest American literary success. His novel produced a furore on its first appearance, on both sides of the Atlantic. Then he found himself in great demand as a lion—a species of the animal creation he had never admired, and liked even less now than ever before.

He had frequent letters from Muriel and Chester. Chester kept him posted on the news regarding their old associates. In one of his letters he wrote:

"Aline and I have seen much of Muriel—and, of course, to know her better is to love her more. But perhaps you know this. She is as much a social favorite as ever, and as unspoiled. You'd better look to your laurels. Frank Harrison comes over to see her every time she visits us. She has remodeled him. He now places the impoverished aristocracy of the South above the gilded Four Hundred. Unless I have lost all my talent for reading signs, I should say he was dead in love. Frank Harrison is the only person he loves more than he loves Muriel. Aline says he is not capable of loving any woman deeply. She doesn't believe that Muriel cares a fig for him—though Aline does whisper certain other suspicions, which, as a dutifully married man, shall go no further than where they lodged in my head.

"Muriel happened to be with us when 'The Lighthouse' [a name Chester had given to a most exclusive New York review] came, containing a criticism of your book, and the praise, also, of the London Academy. We all read the articles together and rejoiced. I have never seen such a light in a human face as I saw in Muriel's. She would not trust herself to speak for several minutes, and then she said something so irrelevant that Aline and I had to laugh at her. Aline says she is the finest girl she ever knew, and I'd have you know that my wife has never made a mistake in sizing up a woman, or, let me say in all humility, a man, either. She—Muriel—won't talk about herself, and I venture anything she did not tell you of her recent offer. She was tendered the leading soprano part in the Lyceum Opera Company, at a large salary, but she refused it because her parents object to her going on the stage. She will sing in choirs and select concerts, and that will bring her glory and money enough. You need no longer fear any gossip about that Sennett affair. It has completely died out. No one couples your name with that of the 'Mrs. Lee that wasn't'—thanks to Dorothea, who seems to make her whole life one of atonement by constantly printing helpful squibs in your behalf."

The following summer, while making a short stay in Paris, Wilmot came face to face with Chester on the Boulevard St. Michel.

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"I had no idea, Chester, that you were here," exclaimed Wilmot, after the enthusiasm of their greeting had spent itself in a series of interjections and interrogations; "why didn't you write me that you were coming over?"

"I didn't know it myself till the day we sailed," replied Chester. "Weyland had some tickets given him by the owner of the London, and Aline and I decided at a moment's notice. She mightn't have come, but Muriel was booked for the same boat, and really needed some one."

"Oh, Muriel came, too!" ejaculated Wilmot in a tone of gladness. "She didn't write me a word about it."

"She told me she had written to your London address. In fact, we expected you to meet us at the station."

"I must have missed the letter," said Wilmot. "I've been here several days, trying to get away from myself. I'm getting terribly tired of my own society."

"We were all disappointed at not seeing you. When you didn't turn up, we supposed the letter had gone astray. I went to your lodgings and catechised your landlady so closely that she doubtless thought I was a sheriff. She was loyal to you, however, and I could learn nothing but that you had left without giving your address."

"I didn't want any one in London to know where I'd gone," explained Wilmot regretfully. "I felt restless, and made up my mind to break away from everything—business, duties and engagements."

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"I see," answered Chester, pausing and facing his friend after they had crossed the Seine on the Pont St. Michel; "but we are losing valuable time. Aline and Muriel want to see you; we've taken tickets for the night train to Geneva. We don't want to spend another hot night in Paris. Come, go with us—really you must do it! You surely won't be fool enough to miss a chance of seeing Muriel."

Wilmot caught his breath. He hadn't thought of an excursion to the Alps, but he would gladly go there and climb the Matterhorn, if necessary, to see Muriel—to see Muriel!—the words seemed to sing themselves in his mind like a chorus.

"I've an important appointment here to-morrow," he said, "but I could take the train to-morrow night—that is, if I won't be in the way of any member of your party, Chester," said Wilmot with a smile, for his mind was filled with thoughts of Muriel.

"In the way, you blockhead! Why, Aline and I have been longing for some one to look after Muriel, and you'll do it beautifully. You really have talent in that line if you only had confidence. Frank Harrison has confidence without talent. He hinted right and left for an invitation, but Muriel would not listen to his coming."

"She doesn't really like him, does she, Chester?" asked Wilmot, with a plaintive, pleading note in his voice.

"No. He had no chance at all, but his persistence spoiled even that, if you will forgive the Hibernianism. He had a very soporific effect on her—in the vernacular, 'he made her tired.' One night after he had stayed unusually late, Aline and I teased her unmercifully about him. She stood it bravely for a long time, and then flew up and said she only liked him for one thing—and that was because he had introduced you to your publishers."

"Did she really say that?—did she really, Chester?"

"Wilmot, there was one fellow I knew who almost threw away the happiness of his life. He is now Aline's husband. Save yourself from being a fool, as he was. Let me, who has come up out of the depths, be an example to you. See Muriel, tell Muriel, win Muriel!" Then taking a card from his pocket he wrote a few lines on it.

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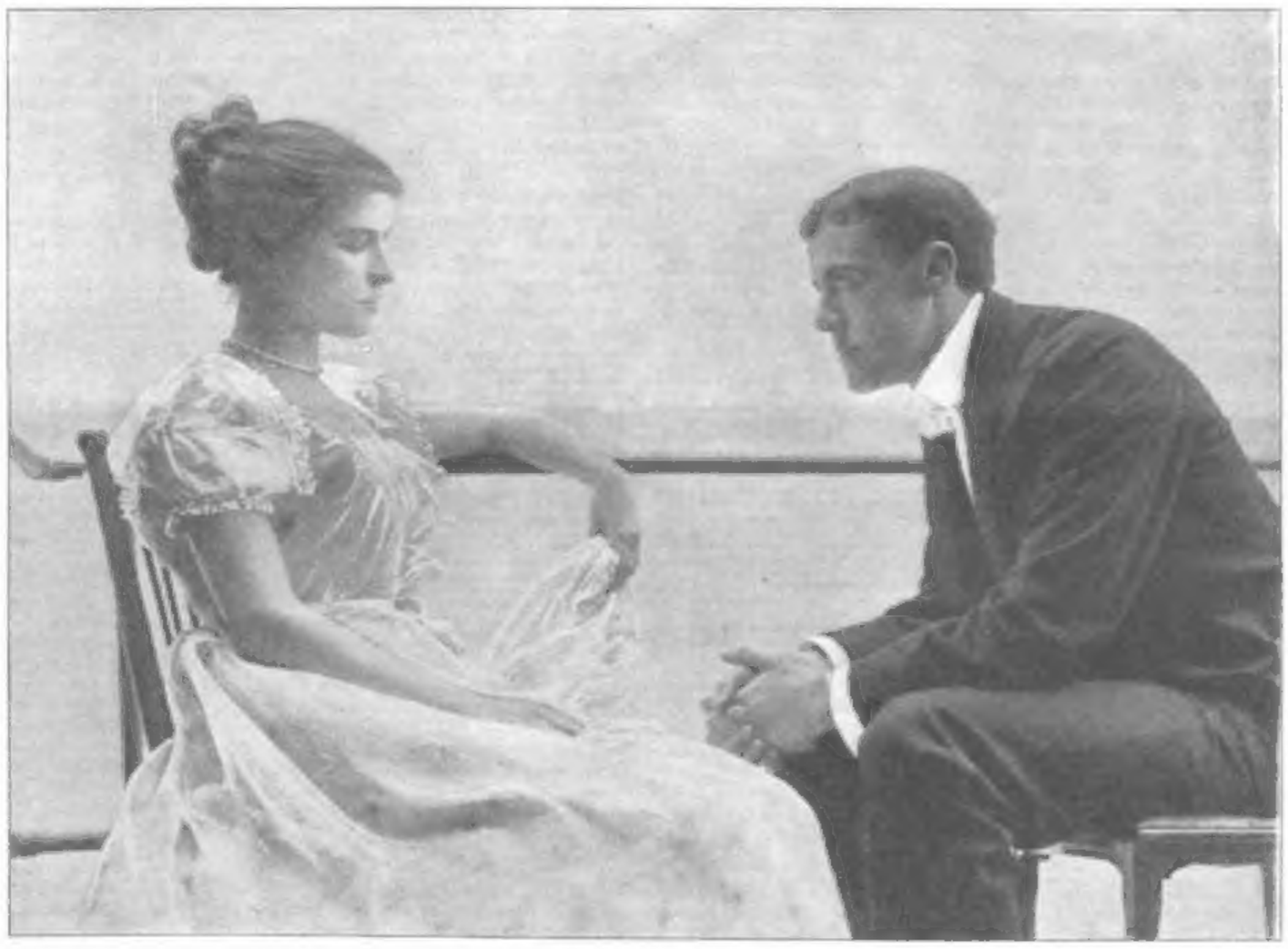
"Here's our address. It's a delightfully quiet and select pension in the Quai des Eaux Vives. I lived there a few weeks once. It's right on the lake. I'll have an apartment reserved for you, Wilmot. Now come and help me get them on the train."



"'THEY HAVE LEFT US BECAUSE THEY KNOW I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU'"

Wilmot looked at his watch in an absorbed way, as if it were his confidential adviser.

"Let me defer the pleasure of meeting Muriel—and Mrs. Chester, too," he added half-apologetically, "until we meet at Geneva. Tell them I had a pressing engagement to dine with some English friends, and could not break away. I am hungry to see Muriel, but I don't want to see her until I've time to tell her what is in my heart—to tell her what alone has made bearable all my days of separation from her."

"Well, you won't fail to join us at Geneva the day after to-morrow?" asked Chester.

"I'll leave to-morrow night, sure," promised Wilmot. "Geneva and Paradise now are synonyms."

And then the two friends parted.

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Fortieth Chapter

CHESTER met Wilmot at the door of the pension when he arrived, and actually threw his arms about him, much to the amusement of Marie, the maid, who had come out to take charge of the baggage.

"I'm awfully glad you got here all right," he cried. "Aline shouted with delight when I told her you were coming, and Muriel would have joined in it if she hadn't had a time-lock on her self-consciousness. Her silence had in it eloquence that would have made Demosthenes green with envy—for it was perfect."

"Where are they now?" Wilmot asked, a tone of suppressed eagerness in his voice, as they entered the salon on the second floor.

"Gone for a walk to the flower-market," said Chester. "They intended to decorate your room—with 'Hail to the Chief' mottoes in flowers, I suppose. We'd no idea you would get here for an hour yet. I was going to meet you at the station. How do you like Geneva?"

"It's beautiful—what I've seen of it," answered Wilmot. "I tried to get a view of Mont Blanc as we drove up, but a vision of Muriel filled my eyes so that the mountain faded away in merited eclipse."

"Glad you came—eh, Wilmot?"

"Glad! 'Glad' seems a weak word to express it, Chester. It would be like saying Mont Blanc was 'neat,' or 'cute.'"

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Muriel and Aline returned twenty minutes later, their arms filled with flowers. Wilmot was in the dining-room, eating a hasty meal, with Chester beside him. The latter was asking rapid questions about literary matters in London. Occasionally he interrupted him to address an incomprehensible remark to Marie, who understood French too well to understand it as Chester spoke it, but he didn't care.

Mrs. Chester was the first to enter the dining-room, and Wilmot was glad that she did so. It gave him a moment to collect himself before Muriel came in.

"I'm glad you kept your promise, Mr. Lee," said Mrs. Chester. "After we heard you'd join us to-day it seemed a very long time to wait."

"I've been in special need of you, see," said Chester with a droll look at his wife. "I want to prove by you that my French is comme il faut as they say over here. You have such an elaborate ignorance of the subject you should make a good critic and judge. We tried to leave it to Marie, but none of us could speak well enough to make her comprehend anything of the point under dispute."

"Your imagination is running away with your memory, Louis," said his wife, going behind him and playfully running her fingers through his hair. "I don't pretend to speak it well, but Muriel is simply a marvel. They all said in Paris that she really spoke like a native; her intonation is so soft and musical."

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"Oh, that is not so!" exclaimed the one complimented. "Mr. Lee knows I have had no opportunity to acquire *any tongue except* Georgia dialect. I'm really glad to see you again, Wilmot," she said, giving him her hand cordially. "It makes me feel like being at home again to see you. And you've deserted us all for so long a time!"

Wilmot's vocabulary seemed to have deserted him; he stood temporarily speechless before her. She seemed to have become a hundred times more beautiful than when he had last seen her. A dozen replies crowded upon one another in his brain, and when he finally spoke his words seemed hopelessly weak and inadequate in every respect.

"The pleasure is mine, indeed, I assure you, Muriel," he said. "I was lucky to run on Chester. If I could have repudiated business engagements and broken away from Paris I should surely have come down with you, as Chester kindly suggested."

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"He had an attachment in Paris—at least, his landlady had one—on his trunk," said Chester with a straight face, and everybody laughed. They were in the mood of bubbling happiness that makes any trifle sufficient subject for mirth.

"I found it hard to pass the time yesterday, after finding out you were so near," said Wilmot, looking at Muriel. "The old 'tables' at school used to say 'twenty-four hours make one day'—sometimes they make a moment, sometimes a month. Yesterday was the longest month I ever spent."

Muriel smiled. The air seemed surcharged with love as truly as it is often charged with electricity. She felt in a telepathic way the realness, the intenseness of Wilmot's mood behind the lightness of his words. His speech had surely come back to him now. She knew, without any conscious process of analysis, that he was in that buoyant, full-hearted frame of mind when a man loves to speak defiantly and daringly all that is in his heart, behind the mask of

flippancy. She felt a trifle constrained by the presence of Chester and Aline.

"Aline and I have been picking flowers to decorate your room," she said. "What is your favorite flower, Wilmot?"

"At this moment—heartsease," said Wilmot, looking Muriel so squarely in the eyes that the delicate flush that rose to her cheeks might have justified him in naming the "pink" as his favorite.

"Heartsease does not grow in Switzerland, Wilmot," said Chester teasingly.

"You do not know all things, Sir Oracle," returned Wilmot. "No one knows where it grows so well as Muriel, and she will tell me before I sleep to-night."

The pink had faded from Muriel's face. Her eyes were fixed on the flowers in her lap, which, with nervous fingers, she was fashioning into a bouquet.

"Louis, dear," said Aline suddenly, "come with me and take a walk. I want to talk to you about a letter I've just received from father."

"Aline, I'm really ashamed of your inhospitality. Would you leave your guests alone merely for the selfish pleasure of enjoying my society?" said Chester, his mischievous mood making him thus expose Aline's tactful pretense for leaving the lovers alone.

When they had gone, Wilmot and Muriel passed through one of the open windows on to the little balcony that overlooked the street and the lake, and had a brief and happy conversation together, but Wilmot found no opportunity for satisfying himself on the one question nearest his heart.

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That evening, after dinner, they all sat on the balcony. In the lake, in front of the house, was a fountain several hundred feet in height, the jet and wide-spreading spray of which were illuminated by lights of various colors. The Jardin Anglais was at the end of the street, and from it, and the café chantant beyond, came strains of music. The surface of the lake was dotted with the red, green and blue lanterns of the rowboats.

"Now you must sing for us, dear," suggested Mrs. Chester, about ten o'clock, touching Muriel on the shoulder.

Muriel obeyed without a word, stepping through the open window into the salon, and sitting down to the piano.

"Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" was the song she selected from a pile of music on the piano, and it vividly and painfully recalled the only occasion on which Wilmot had ever heard it. "My heart opens at thy voice"; the words of the song seemed a confession and a prophecy. During the last stanza Mrs. Chester rose and softly left the balcony. She was followed by her husband. Finding himself alone, Wilmot joined Muriel at the piano, just as she was singing the last words. She turned on the stool and glanced in a startled way at the vacant chairs on the balcony, and seemed embarrassed.

"I fear they left us in self-defense. I declare," she said, "they showed very little appreciation to leave like that."

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"I think they did it for my sake," said Wilmot, feeling his heart sink with sudden fear as he realized the importance of what he had determined to say.

"Muriel, dear, they have left us because they know I want to speak with you, and you alone. 'My heart opens at thy voice' is the song I listened to that night at the Galatin, when my cup of sorrow seemed running over. Down South, dear, it was your voice, your words that gave me confidence and hope; it was the memory of your face, the music of your voice that made my days of struggle seem as naught, when the temporary insanity of my gratitude to Mrs. Sennett led me into seeming to forget you; it was not so. No words could tell my suffering. It was your voice of faith and belief that gave me strength; it was your words that saved me, dearest; the hope of hearing again your voice, speaking to me the sweetest word in the world; that sung hope and heart into my lonely life here in London, in the struggle to fit myself more for you in every way. Muriel, Muriel, darling, I love you. Say the word, dear, that will open life to me as the word of no other woman could. Tell me, darling, do you love me?"

"Wilmot, I have loved and trusted you all these years, and I will love and trust you, dear, as long as I live!"

(THE END)

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THE POST'S NEW SERIAL

In an early issue of the POST will be begun a strong serial story entitled The Professor's Daughter, by Miss Anna Farquhar. It is a story of life in a Rhode Island village, and will undoubtedly prove to be the strongest novel of the year. The characters are drawn from life, with a wonderful strength and simplicity, and the romance itself is a new one of the kind that holds the interest from beginning to climax. The illustrations will be unique in character, profuse, and will add immensely to the interest in this great story. They have been drawn by Mr. Henry Hutt, for the most part from life, for some of the characters are real.

During the next few weeks a series of brilliant short serials, in two parts each, will be given in the POST.

At the House of the Scarlet Witch.

—*by* Max Pemberton—

In Two Parts... Part Second.

What the ABBÉ FOUND in the WOODS.

BY THE time the bandage was removed from his eyes, the unhappy man was incapable of surprise. The scene in the wood had robbed him of all power of reason. When they stripped him of his bandage, and he was able to look about him, at his strange surroundings, he neither spoke nor wondered.

Yet the spectacle was surely strange enough to have amazed a bolder man. For the Abbé sat at that moment in a room draped in scarlet, and, more than that, he sat in a high chair before a long table lit pleasingly by the soft light of many wax candles, and so weighed down with plate and exquisite cut-glass, that the scarlet drapery below was hardly to be seen. As for the company, that also was a scarlet company—devils, demons, witches; their whitened faces now hidden by crimson masks, their very hair appearing to be of the brightest red. Even the walls were draped in the same glaring colors, while the attendants, some in hideous masks, some garbed as scarlet elves, helped the scheme fittingly. Yet this was the most curious thing of all—no word was spoken, no greeting given. The company sat like an assemblage of mutes.

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The Abbé shuddered again, for he could not then altogether suppress the thought that he might be supping with the risen dead.

Such a haunting suggestion as this was quick to pass, but awful while it lasted.

Though a grim foreboding pursued him while he asked himself: "Where will it end? What did they mean when they called me the Lord Bishop of Blois, and said that I must suffer?" The Abbé, good man that he was—and there was none better in France—was like other men in possessing a healthy appetite. The groaning table put some heart into him. "I have ridden far, and a well-boiled capon, with a cup of Burgundy, will not come amiss to me," he thought. And so for the first time since he had entered the terrible wood he permitted himself to hope. "They will let me ride on when supper is done," he assured himself, "and I shall be in Paris after all by the last day of the month. It would never do to be delayed over to-morrow, for the King returns to Paris then, and Corinne will see him, and cheat me once more. Certainly, I must be in Paris to-morrow. Meanwhile, I will see what sort of a supper it is, for I am very hungry."

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One of the servants had set a plate before him now, a plate upon which was a little silver dish exquisitely garnished and served. So tempting did the morsel look, that the good Abbé hastened to plunge his fork into it; but at the first mouthful he made an ugly grimace, and was unable to withhold an exclamation of disgust.

"How now!" cried he, "that is nothing but breadcrumbs!"

He looked around the table appealingly, but no one in the masked company vouchsafed to him an answer. All were busy upon similar dishes, of which they appeared to partake with exceeding relish. Indeed, they had finished their portions before the Abbé recovered from his astonishment; and while he was still looking at them, a lackey, dressed in crimson, carried in a dish upon which was a smoking fish of great size, and began to serve slices of it—to the Abbé first, and afterward to the other suppers. At the same moment another attendant filled the Abbé's glass—a magnificent glass of the rarest Venetian work—with wine from a crystal goblet, and then performed a similar service for the rest of the company. The action reassured the hungry curé. After all, the mysterious host was not inhuman and had not forgotten the needs of tired nature. Good fish, appetizingly served, was a fit dish for a hungry man. For the second time he plunged a ready fork into the dish before him. "Fish is fish," he said to himself, while he smacked his lips in famished anticipation. The assurance scarce had comforted him a little when he broke out with a word which was neither ecclesiastical nor abbotorial:

"Name of the devil!" he exclaimed in a loud voice, "but this is bread, too!"

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How it came to be, in what manner the cheat had been contrived, the Abbé knew no more than the dead. Yet there was the fish right enough, and a second mouthful convinced him in his suspicion that it was made of nothing but bread.

"Saint John!" cried he, sitting back in his chair, "who ever heard of that—a fish made of breadcrumbs, and every one eating of it as though it were a mullet from the King's table? Body of Saint Paul, they are all mad! What can it all mean?"

Mad or sane, the scarlet company appeared to enjoy the fish very much. Their heads bent over their plates, the suppers varied their occupation of eating only by the equally pleasant one of taking long draughts from the crystal goblets before them. They did not appear so much as to notice that the Abbé was appealing to them. His words, his exclamations, his questions fell alike upon deaf or unheeding ears.

Not a single man listened to him, not a woman raised her eyes to watch him. Nor did his anger, which succeeded presently to his hunger, help him at all. That, too, was absolutely unobserved. Had he roared like a bull, the masked company would have remained oblivious of his presence. Whether or not they were all deaf he could not tell; at any rate they all appeared to be engrossed in the meal spread before them and seemed not to notice his remonstrances. He bore this oppressive state of thing for a while in silence.

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"Ho, ho!" said he at last, while he leaned back in his chair, and raised the goblet in his hand, "a plague upon the table which sets breadcrumbs before a hungry man!"

He put the goblet to his lips and took a long draught from it. The wine, he had said, would at any rate wash the tasteless bread from his mouth, and so he held the cup long. When at length he put it down, there was upon his face the most unclerical grimace that had ever sat there.

"Maledetto," cried he, "but that is water! Nothing but water!"

He spoke loudly; nor did he look for an answer, being quite assured by this time that he was dreaming; or if he were not, then that he had become the victim of the strangest jest yet played in France. And he was very surprised when a voice behind him greeted him with the first word he had heard uttered since he entered the room. For the matter of that, the voice was hardly raised before all the suppers leaped to their feet and stood in an attitude of respectful attention.

"And what is the trouble of the Lord Bishop of Blois?" asked the speaker, as he advanced to the Abbé's chair.

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He was a man slightly above the medium height, and he wore a dress of white velvet, upon which a lacework of the whitest diamonds glittered. The Abbé observed that he was somewhat advanced in years, and that his features were clear-cut and singularly handsome. He was attended now by two pages, who wore trunk-hose of purple and purple cloaks above them; while an officer in the blue uniform of the Corsican legion stood at his heels as though expecting some immediate command.

"Ho, ho!" thought the Abbé, as he watched the stranger, "here, then, is the rogue who has played this jest upon me. I will find a word for him at any rate." And so he spoke aloud.

"Sir," said he, "who you may be I do not wish to know; but if this be your house, permit me to tell you that I have been the victim of a great and unpardonable liberty."

The stranger feigned great astonishment.

"What can you mean?" questioned he. "Have you not supped well, seigneur?"

"Sir," answered the Abbé, "I beseech you that you will not call me seigneur, for to such a title I have no claim. As for your supper—I would not offer it to a dog."

"But surely," cried the other, with great show of wonder, "that is turbot which you eat, my friend—and do you not hold a cup of the wine of Burgundy in your hand?"

"Monsieur," said the Abbé, with hungry dignity, "whoever has told you that has lied. There is nothing but water here."

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"Oh, indeed," cried the newcomer; "pray permit me to put it to my lips, seigneur. You say that is water—Saint Louis! I would like to have a cellar full of such water as that." He tasted the draught as he spoke, and smacked his lips over it as though it had been a delicious nectar. The Abbé, staggered at the action, was silent for some moments; but after a pause he took the cup up in his hands, and did that which was a rare thing for him to do—he lost his temper.

"My son," he asked, "you declare that to be the wine of Burgundy?"

"Most certainly," replied the stranger; "most admirable wine."

"Then, I pray you, drink it!" exclaimed the Abbé, and at the invitation he threw the contents of his goblet into the newcomer's face, with all the strength of his indignation.

It was a deserved retort, perhaps; but the miserable curé, had he foreseen that which was to follow, would have cut off his right hand before he allowed his temper to carry him so far. Scarce was the thing done when a cry of horror burst from the company about the table. Fifty hands were raised as if to strike the cowering priest. Threats, execrations, remonstrances were hurled at him until his head buzzed with the clamor. The stranger alone appeared to be unmoved. He wiped his face with a handkerchief of lace, and then turned to the Corsican who was sitting at his elbow.

"I am sorry," said he, "but I must ask you to arrest Monsieur the Bishop of Blois. You will take him to his room and keep him there until my pleasure is known."

"Your Majesty is obeyed," was the answer of the Corsican officer.

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There was a great silence in the place upon this, and it lasted while the Corsican stepped forward and bade the quaking priest follow him. As for the Abbé, he was like one petrified. Finally he cast his eyes appealingly around on the assembled company, but could discern not the slightest movement in his behalf. Gradually there dawned upon him the enormity of his rash deed.

"Great Heaven," he moaned, when they led him from the room, "it is the King who speaks! And I have thrown my wine in his face! God help me, for my day has most surely come!"

All else was forgotten in this; the base treachery of his cowardly attendants, the visions of the night, his purpose in riding to Paris, even the offenses of little Corinne, gave place to the tremendous fear which his folly had brought upon him. He saw it all now—mystery no longer perplexed him. The masquerade in the wood, the horrible apparition, the flashing of the crimson fire—what was it all but the work of the jesters at the palace of St. Cloud? They had gone out to seek whom they could devour, and they had lighted upon the curé of Yvette, he said.

Then, to make matters still worse, the King—he had heard, of course, of their pastime and had come to witness its consummation. And thus had the Abbé been led to the perpetration of a crime so terrible.

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Nothing, not even religion, was held as sacred in that year, 1759, as the body of the King. The Abbé knew full well that unless mercy were shown to him he might spend the remaining years of his life in the prison of For-l-Evêque or even in the Bastile. Men had come to such a punishment for mere words—but to throw a goblet of wine in His Majesty's face! The very memory of his offending compelled him to shudder like one who was already doomed. Before the poor Abbé's mind flitted horrible visions of what he might have to suffer. And for it all none was to blame but himself. If he had only restrained his temper. If he had only shown the spirit of long suffering which he had for so many years tried to teach to the little flock which gathered weekly in his little church at Yvette.

All these thoughts flashed through the Abbé's mind as he followed the Corsican with a great dread pressing on his heart. He feared he was being taken to some dismal prison-chamber.

But the Corsican officer had led him to a bed-room—a pretty chamber lighted by many wax candles, and furnished with all the taste characterizing a period so tasteful. It was a large apartment, with a cabinet going off it; and the Abbé observed in this smaller room a supper-table decked prettily with lighted candles and flowers. For this, however, he had no appreciating eyes. He had been duped when he had a ravenous appetite, and, even if there was no hoax about this feast, the events of the past few moments had deprived him of all appetite. He felt at the moment as though he could never eat again. Forebodings, real and stern, had set his

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nerves itching. He began to question his conductor, hoping for some word of comfort.

"Monsieur," he said, with pitiable anxiety, "I beg you, tell me—whose house is this, and where does it lie?"

"Readily," answered the young officer; "this is the pavilion of Madame Doublet de Persan. The villagers call it the House of the Scarlet Witch. I regret, monseigneur, that your first acquaintance of it should be made so unpropitiously. Saint Denis! who would have thought that His Majesty was unknown to you?"

"God help me," answered the Abbé; "I never saw him but once, monsieur, and then it was from a bench in the Place Louis Quinze. Oh, surely he will remember!"

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The Corsican shook his head, implying that he doubted his forgiveness.

"My Lord Bishop," said he, "I am but a very humble servant of His Majesty, and Heaven forbid that I should anticipate his decision. If you have friends, however, let me beg of you to write to them. It is possible, should their influence be not delayed, that you may yet atone for this offense with a year in the Bastile."

"A year in the Bastile!" murmured the Abbé—"a year—the saints help me—a year for a moment's loss of temper! Oh, mon Dieu! will you not plead for me, monsieur? I am no Lord Bishop, but only a poor curé who is friendless and helpless, as you see, my son. I conjure you, in charity be a friend to me."

"How!" cried the soldier, with a great assumption of surprise; "you tell me, my lord, that you are not the Bishop of Blois. Oh, surely this night's work has robbed you of your memory. Think a little and you will recall the circumstances. Here today you were riding to Paris upon the business of your diocese when you fall into the hands of Madame Doublet de Persan's merry fellows, who bring you to this house to supper. The King, learning of the jest, is driven over from the palace to enjoy it, when you, losing your temper, throw a goblet of wine in His Majesty's face, and so become my prisoner until your sentence is delivered. I exhort you, my lord, hide none of these things from yourself, but send at once to your friends, and conjure them to intercede for you."

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There was a wondrous air of honesty about the Corsican's tale; and although the Abbé was more perplexed than ever when the soldier had done, he determined to trust him, and to play a last card for his freedom. In truth, a great idea came to him, and when he spoke his white cheeks flushed scarlet.

"Monsieur," he said, "I see it all plainly; they have mistaken me for the Lord Bishop of Blois, and so this misfortune has fallen upon me. I have but one friend in Paris—if, indeed, she be in Paris now. I speak of my ward, Corinne de Montesson, who is to be found at the Hôtel Beautreillis in the Rue St. Paul. Could you but convey a word to her of my necessity, I know that it would not be unavailing. Indeed, she is very gentle and loving to all, and never fails to help those who are in adversity. Send to her, I beg of you, and tell her to come to St. Cloud at once. Say that the Abbé Morelet implores her assistance."

"Ciel!" cried the Corsican. "I will tell her no such tale—for why should she come to the help of the Abbé Morelet when it is Monseigneur the Bishop of Blois whom she is to assist in this matter?"

"Sir," said the Abbé, with humble entreaty, "if you tell her that, I am surely lost. She will not come."

"Courage," said the Corsican, "you forget, monseigneur. In a little time your memory will come back to you. I shall send to Paris at once. Meanwhile, you will pardon me if I must hold you under lock and key. You are my prisoner. You heard the King's command, my lord!"

"God help me," cried the Abbé, clasping his hands in despair, "I heard it too well!"

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At this the Corsican withdrew and went downstairs to the supper table. The scarlet masks of the company were all laid aside now, and the suppers no longer ate fish made of breadcrumbs. On the contrary, they were very merry over flagons of rare red wine and goblets of champagne, and trout from the Lake of Geneva, and dishes of carps' tongues, and sturgeon, and mullet, and legs of venison, and fat capons. When they saw the officer they cried out joyfully and hastened to ask him how the Abbé did in his prison.

"Grimod, Grimod, what does he say, what does he do?—oh, tell us quickly!—we die with impatience—you have news, Grimod!"

The Corsican held up his hand for quiet. Then addressing the scarlet witch—whose fresh and piquant face belied her *rôle* when the hideous mask was laid aside—he said:

"Ma foi, Mademoiselle Corinne, the Abbé asks for you!"

"For me?" said the girl; "then you have told him, Grimod!"

"Upon my word, mademoiselle, I have told him nothing. He thinks you are at the Hôtel Beautreillis, and he begs me to send a messenger there."

Corinne clapped her pretty hands.

"Oh," she said, "how I love him! But he will not send me to a convent after all."

The idea that Corinne de Montesson would ever succumb to such a fate seemed to amuse the masqueraders very much. They greeted her words with extravagant enthusiasm.

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One love-sick swain—whose devil's head was set mockingly upon a plate before him—turned toward her eyes full of sheepish affection, and exclaimed:

"Saint John! Corinne, if you go to the nuns at Charenton, you will take half of Paris with you! That's a fact!"

"We shall have to build a city there," cried another admirer.

"Such a place of worship never will have been seen," said a third enthusiastically.

"'ARREST MONSIEUR THE BISHOP OF BLOIS!'"

"I go as maid-in-waiting," lisped a pretty boy who was busy with a dish of venison.

"And the King, what does he go as?" asked a demon, whose head was tucked away under his chair.

"Yes," said Corinne joyfully, "the King—where is he? Come forth, sir, and let us see you. Where are you?"

"Sacre bleu," answered a voice from the further end of the table, "the King is very well, thank you, mademoiselle, but he will be the better when he has eaten this pasty."

Could the Abbé have seen the King at that moment his fears would have vanished like the wind. Truth to tell, His Majesty looked exceedingly unkingly, seated as he was astride a small chair and holding a very large pasty between his knees. But the wretched priest in the bedroom above knew none of these things. While the masqueraders below were at the zenith of their merriment, the miserable Abbé was pacing his prison; and every turn he took brought a fresh exclamation to his lips.

"Oh," he would moan, "a year in the Bastile at the least—that I should have left my home for this! A year in the Bastile, where they put you in cages so that your bones are bent; or in ditches where the floors are deep in slime! Heaven be merciful to me, I have thrown wine in the King's face! Fool that I was—his dress should have taught me better manners. And now they will punish me—oh, miserable day, unhappy hour!—what would I not give to be in my bed at Yvette again. Oh—what shall I do?"

He, good man, had lived so noble a life that fear had not in all his years been an enemy to him. But now he feared exceedingly—feared so that for a long while he started at every whisper of the wind or creak of board; feared until he forgot that he was hungry and had not supped. By-and-by, however, one of his restless pacings carried him into the cabinet which opened off the bed-chamber; and then he beheld the little table with the flowers and the wax lights and the flagon of red wine and the capon.

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"Bah!" he exclaimed angrily, "the wine is but colored water, the capon is made of bread—they shall not fool me again."

He thought it a cruel jest, and vowed he would not be the victim of it; and so he began to pace the room once more; but his steps carried him, despite his resolution, straight into the cabinet again; and at the third time of his coming, hunger and thirst so far prevailed that he poured a little of the wine from the flagon and ventured to taste it.

"Saint John!" cried he, filling a goblet to the brim, "can it be true? Upon my word, this is very like the wine of Burgundy. I have never tasted a better imitation."

There was almost a smile upon the Abbé's face now; and he began with eager hands to help himself to the capon. A minute later he was busy with a greaning plate. Not until his meal was done did a haunting memory of his night's work come back to him—and at that the wine was soured and the bread turned bitter. He looked at the great carved bed and told himself that sleep was not for the condemned. He heard a bell strike the hour of midnight, and the new-come day seemed to be the herald of his misfortunes. Once or twice he went to the door of his prison-chamber and listened, but could distinguish no sound, neither of voices nor of steps. All was silent.

"Mother of God," cried he, beginning to pace his room again, "if I could only lie this night in my own bed at Yvette!"

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He sighed at the hopelessness of the desire, but, to his intense amazement, his sigh was echoed from the opposite side of the room. And he was very much surprised when, upon turning round, he beheld, standing there by a picture let into the panel of the wainscoting, two of the masked men who had met him on the road earlier in the evening. Indeed, the Abbé rubbed his eyes to make sure that he did not dream; and it was not until the taller of the two spoke that he believed altogether in the reality of that which he saw.

"My Lord Bishop," said the stranger, "we have kept our promise, and you see us again. Is it gladly?"

"Gentlemen," cried the Abbé, "gladly, indeed—oh, Heaven knows! You have heard of my misfortune?"

The masked man raised his hand.

"Hush!" said he, "a word may cost you your life. We know all, and have come to save you. Follow me, seigneur, and say nothing whatever you may see or hear."

With this he laid his hand upon a button in the picture, and the panel slid back noiselessly, showing a narrow aperture, through which the two men passed, and then the dazed Abbé. The aperture thus disclosed gave access to a narrow flight of stairs, at the foot of which was a little door opening at the back of the pavilion directly upon the park of St. Cloud. Before the Abbé had realized anything of that which was being done, he found himself out upon the soft grass, with the bridle rein of a horse in his left hand and a groom at his right hand, waiting to assist him to mount. The two men in their turn went to horses waiting for them, and all leaping into their saddles, the leader said presently to the Abbé:

"Seigneur, mount I beg of you. We ride to Blois for your life."

"To Blois?" gasped the Abbé.

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But the groom had helped him into the saddle by this time, and the man having sent the horse off to join the others with a lusty smack upon the quarters, the Abbé found himself, for good or ill, galloping wildly through the park towards the road for Sèvres. So absorbed was he in doubt and wonder that he failed to observe that a young girl now rode with his guides, though she was masked as the others were. Indeed, those with him never drew rein nor spoke a single word until dawn broke in the sky, and St. Cloud and its woods lay far behind them. Then, for the first time, they permitted their foaming beasts to go at a walk, and the fresh wind of the morning to breathe upon their heated faces.

The place was the summit of a hill some five miles from the town of Rambouillet. Below them a valley stretched pleasantly, and in the far distance the spire of the church at Yvette stood up as a needle against the cloudless sky.

"My lord," said the leader of the strangers, while he halted suddenly at the spot, "yonder is your home. As for us, our work is done. We have but to give you this paper and to bid you make your way to Blois with all speed. I doubt not that you will obey faithfully the King's wish that you shall not, on any condition whatever, leave your new diocese for the space of one year."

"My diocese! the King's wish!" exclaimed the Abbé, whose face was bathed with perspiration, and whose limbs were so sore that he could scarcely sit upon his horse.

"Certainly," answered the masked man, pressing the paper into the priest's hand, "read that and all will be known to you."

The Abbé slowly read the paper; then he raised his hands in an attitude of humble thankfulness.

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"Merciful God be praised!" cried he, "they have made me Bishop of Blois—me, the unworthy, the simple priest, the humble curé of Yvette! Surely the King has forgiven me, then? Gentlemen, I thank you from my heart for this night's work. Never shall your services be forgotten. Tell me your names, I beg of you, that I may remember them in my prayers."

The first of the men removed his mask.

"Seigneur," said he, "they call me Bénôit, the swordsman."

"Seigneur," cried the second, unmasking in his turn, "I am the Comte de Guibert—the oldest friend of your ward, Mademoiselle Corinne de Montesson."

It was the moment for the young girl now. Swiftly unmasking and turning her pretty face upon the astonished Abbé, she said:

"And I, Seigneur, am Corinne herself."

The Abbé sat as one dumfounded. Tears welled up in his eyes. Gratitude choked his words. He trembled with joy.

"Corinne!" he said—"oh, it is to you that I owe my pardon and my fortune then? God bless you a thousand times!"

"But not at Charenton," cried Corinne de Montesson merrily.

"Heaven forbid!" cried the Abbé. "Return to your home and carry an old man's blessing with you."

The Bishop of Blois was wont to tell, even in his old age, how that at St. Cloud he had once thrown a glass of wine in the King's face. But the knowing ones shook their heads and laughed heartily.

"Pas si bête!" said they among themselves, "it was one of pretty Corinne's jests. The only King our good bishop ever met was Lekain, the actor from the King's Theatre."

(THE END)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, September 10, 1898

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This is the Canned-Food Age

WE FAIL in our duty to our individuality when we have our thinking done for us by proxy. The pressure of modern civilization has developed this to an alarming degree. We have had the "Stone Age," and the "Bronze Age," and the "Iron Age," and the other ages. To-day is the "Canned-Food Age." Our opinions are formulated for us, our views on political and social questions are condensed and put in "extract form" by our favorite paper. New York issues its bulletins of the literary gods to be worshiped for the season as London decrees the cut of our clothes.

The special phrases current for the months in art and musical circles are all given us ready for use, like our canned foods. "Cut the can carefully at the thin end and serve hot or cold." But in this "prepared" sameness in conservation we rebel occasionally, and long for a sample of individuality, something a man has thought out for himself—to feel that we are plucking a peach from the tree where it has been growing, not from a can where it has been packed. But for the most part, this individuality, in its fresh, delightful form, is missing. It would be real and living if the costly educational menu of our schools were cut down to a few studies with "trained thinking" constantly on the table as a relish.

But we do not get much of this individual thinking; it is done, like all other work—by "syndicates." Man may feel it is right for him to do a certain thing; from his careful study of it in all its relations, in his honest judgment it seems to him to be right. But society will not understand it. He then perhaps stands in terror before some presbytery, social or ecclesiastical; so he silences his conscience, and bows before Public Opinion. His conscience was his own—his duty to his individuality should make him obey the dictates of his conscience.

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Public Opinion is but a conscience owned by a syndicate. If it were right, what does it matter what "people say"? In the Dark Ages man stood in terror of one lord or master. This he called "slavery." We throw our individuality, our right to think for ourselves, to the winds. We stand in terror of a million masters, we fall prostrate before society, before Public Opinion; but this we call "liberty." There is not in this plea for individuality in our life the slightest trace of anarchy in thought. It is most perfect recognition of law and the duty of obedience to it, for it represents perfect harmony in the three great relations of life.

The plea for individuality is but a plea for "thinking," so that man may use the beautiful mind that has been put into him to the full of its power to serve himself, and thus serve better society and the world.

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A Plea for Nobler Heroes

THE heroic in fiction is the performance of brave deeds at personal peril. There are on record about a dozen ways in which it can be shown, and these, novelists have turned, twisted and changed, as the thrifty housewife alters old garments, long after their threadbare surfaces are exposed to view. So constant has been their use that the heroic has become weak, sensational and ordinary. True heroism is always grand. Sometimes it is the bravery of seamen, venturing out in the storm-beaten sea, in an open boat, tossed like a chip at the mercy of the elements, to rescue human souls perishing on the rocks. Sometimes it is the heroism of the soldier who leads the forlorn hope in scaling the ramparts of the enemy, defends some latter-day Thermopylæ, or astounds the world with some novel combination of brains and bravery.

Again it is the brave youth, dashing with bowed head into the burning building, through the thick rolls of choking, blinding smoke, up the fire-eaten stair, crackling, sputtering and hissing beneath his feet, as the angry sheets of flame encompass him, along the narrow cornice of the roof, clinging like a human fly to his frail foothold till he, tottering, reaches her he has come to save. That one shout of thanksgiving and ended suspense from the moving crowd of humanity below him speaks no ambiguous tongue. He has done a noble deed, and the whole world knows it!

A furious horse, escaping from its driver, dashes down the street. Directly in its course is a curly haired child, innocent of its danger, and powerless if it knew. Nearer and nearer comes the foaming horse, and the toddling infant plays on. We involuntarily close our eyes to the scene. A brave man springs forward, seizes the child, and it is saved. That "cold, regenerating shudder, that always accompanies the sight of a noble deed" of physical courage, comes over us.

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Fiction fairly bristles with parodies on this. They are every-day affairs. If the author wishes his hero to be "well fixed," financially and socially, he merely has to save the life of some one who has political influence in the Custom-House; an old lady who is pining to make some one her heir at a weekly salary of $200 pending her decease, or some other equally foolish idea.

In times of intense excitement, the greatest cowards may perform brave deeds. Spurred on by the excitement of the moment, the exigencies of the situation, they act first and think afterward. Nervous, timid women, fearful of a mouse, have stepped valiantly forward in time of peril when brave men held back.

But there is a heroism that earns a brighter crown than this. There are lives of constant sacrifice for others, where hard, cruel fate lays its deadly weight of trouble on those who could throw it off but for the loved ones. They smile at their burden that some one else may not groan. There are lives of temptation when the cup of joy o'erflowing is placed so near that the outstretched hand could grasp it, but it would mean a principle violated, a holy ideal shattered, a struggle ended; the hand falls at the side helpless. There are lives like this most grandly heroic, most eloquent in their passive silence; no excitement, no cheering crowd, no sudden impulse, no bright enthusiasm to make it easy. Why does fiction give us so few heroes like these? They are not goody men—they are strongly human; the burden galls them, their suppressed life chafes them, but they rise superior to it, and we are the better for it. Give us more men like these, and less cheap, spectacular exhibitions of thrilling bravery cut off by the yard.

The world's greatest heroes are its moral heroes—the heroes of every-day life. The sublimest moments of moral heroism are often never known to a single soul but the individual himself who marks out bravely, without protest, a line of action that he knows will darken all his future, and will sacrifice all his highest hopes.

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The Great Questions of Life

ALL the great questions of life come to man as an individual. All our deepest sorrows come to us alone. We all pass nights alone in our Gethsemanes face to face with the awful majesty of sorrow as individuals. Every moment of life is one of choice, of decision, of weighing, of accepting, of taking position, of revealing our standard, of meeting issues as individuals. If we would reform the world, we must reform the individual. Let us begin to perfect that individual who is nearest to us—ourself. Let us put this individual into perfect harmony in the three unities of individual relation, and we have modified the life of the whole world.

All Nature is most beautiful recognition of individuality. We see anything only by the light that comes from it, the light it individually sends out, yet on all earth and in the endless heavens the billions of lines of relation between each object and our eye are preserved perfect and complete. So in each of the other senses Nature recognizes individuality in all things.

There was something beautiful about that prayer of the Pharisee: "Lord, I thank Thee I am not as other men are." But he should have thanked God not that he was superior, or that he was greater, or that he was richer, but only that he was a little different; that he was himself—individual.

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The Mad Race For Gold

THERE is more than mere myth behind the story of Midas and his magic touch which transformed everything into gold. It represents one of the most widespread human weaknesses. For that touch men have thrown away their manhood and self-respect; they have lost the beauty and dignity of life in their mad race for wealth; they have narrowed their lives down to the mere circumference of a dollar. And the more they can obtain at the least cost the happier they are—something for nothing.

The daily papers recently contained an account of the great losses resulting from listening to the oily words of one who could bring gold from sea-water in paying quantities. The results were apparently unanswerable, but an accomplice, a diver, introduced some gold in quicksilver solution into the receptacle lowered into the sea. And yet, although it is known that gold cannot possibly be obtained from sea water in paying quantities, there were hundreds of men who pursued this will-o'-the-wisp. Hold before the average man the bright button of some get-rich-quick scheme, and in an instant he undergoes a sort of mental hypnosis. He throws sound business methods to the winds.

But the most startling disclosure is that cool, calculating, level-headed business men were induced to go into this bonanza gold-mining scheme. Such men have learned to know the value of money; they would not think of buying a case of goods about which they knew nothing; they would not think of loaning a penny without the best of security, they would not countenance the slightest overcharge. Yet they have sunk thousands in an impossible scheme for extracting gold from sea-water!

Men flock about these get-rich-quick schemes like foolish moths about a light; they fall bruised and burned, but fly back into the flame again. The day is past when men are satisfied with a modest income and a steady, paying business. They falsely believe that happiness and millions are twin sisters. They are always planning to do great things "when their ship comes in," but they are unwilling to wait. While the sea is bringing that much-looked-for ship they will incidentally coin millions from its waters. They never stop to see that it is impossible—that vast returns cannot be gotten for nothing. They pay the price of their folly; but their experience does not deter others, and rarely deters them from again embarking upon equally ridiculous undertakings when some persuasive promoter winds them in his toils. The world is weak; it is ever dazzled with gold, and will spend its last drop of energy in the struggle to secure that coveted Midas touch.

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The Supernatural in Fiction

THERE seems to be a special craze at the present for stories of the supernatural. These novelists follow carefully the wonders of modern science, and, with reckless imagination, transmute what scientists consider vaguely possible into absolute realities. Novels, to retain a permanent place in the literature of the world, must be based on a broad, sympathetic knowledge of the human heart, mind and character. Human nature is the same the world over, in all ages. This the true novelist cannot change; he merely records those emotions of the human mind that come from his observation or imagination. The character imagined and the situation given, it will vent his feeling, or exhibit its vices or virtues according to general laws modified by his peculiar individuality. The reader understands the character centuries after its writing as clearly as it was understood when originally penned.

Shylock, that mercenary, vindictive creation of Shakespeare, is as fully recognized and as strongly felt to-day as when first brought before the public. Were an appreciation of the character essentially dependent on a knowledge of the geography, history, manners and customs of the time, even the beauty of Shakespeare's language could not preserve it from oblivion. The droll antics of the chivalrous Don Quixote lose none of their humor and satire because of the years that have passed. These characters are types. Every character in the literature of the ages, that is well-known and commented upon, represents to our minds a combination of characteristics clearly defined. Think for a moment of any noted characters in Dickens, Thackeray or George Eliot, and the sum of their individuality appears with them like a shadow. These characters and their acts are always possible—that is, they are always physically possible.

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The many novels that have appeared during the past few years, based upon some impossible supposition, miss the advantage of naturalness and human interest. Suppose some one of these ingenious writers makes his plot dependent on the sudden disappearance of the hero in the presence of others. He is a vanishing man of pronounced type. The story, on these lines, is well worked out, but it is always unsatisfactory. The reader's attention is kept up, not by a genuine interest in the tale, but merely to see how it will turn out, trusting and hoping that some natural explanation for the disappearances will be given that will satisfy him, and relieve him from the feeling that he has been led into reading a sham fairy tale, for these supernatural stories are nothing more and often much less.

What good is accomplished by a story in which a man has communications with the spirit world by reason of some peculiar pain in his neck, and whose acts have all the coherency and connection of a dream or a comic opera? Before the hero of these supernatural novels every law in the economy of the universe bows like prairie grass before the approach of the storm, and this the author explains by some weird effect of that sprained neck.

Does not this very departure into the fields of the impossible show rather a meagreness of invention than a surplus of it, as though the author could find nothing new and interesting within the limits of the possible?

THE STORY OF EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

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WHAT a strange fate has followed Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French! From the tinsel Court of Madrid to the brilliant salons of the Second Republic, to the Imperial throne and to the retreat in England, spans the career of a woman who began life as an adventuress, attained the most exalted position in Europe, and who ends her life in exile. Her brilliant failure almost defies intimate criticism, and the verdict of posterity will probably be that her ascendent star vanished only before a stronger and more enduring fate than her own, typified by the Prussian eagles at Sedan.

Although her father, De Montijo, was a grandee of Spain, her mother paraded at the capitals of Europe, during the second quarter of the present century, a title which she had no right to bear, that of the Countess de Têba. Mother and daughter, the latter not yet ten years of age, first saw Paris in 1834. Soon after, they departed for London, in order to escape their debts. Later she met the man who fell a complete victim to her charms, Prince Louis Napoleon, then President of the Second Republic.

The Republic became the Empire, and President Bonaparte became Napoleon III. Madame de Montijo and her daughter rose in the social scale, and the exclusive doors of the Faubourg St. Germain were opened to them. Emperor Napoleon was no less an ardent admirer of Mademoiselle de Montijo than the President Prince had been, but the exigencies of politics demanded that he seek a matrimonial alliance elsewhere.

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His throne was not considered at all secure by the Royalties of Europe; he sought and was repulsed by nearly every eligible Princess of his time. Then he turned to Eugénie and offered her his throne with his heart. The alliance, while it gave great joy to the French populace, for its romance appealed to them, was disappointing to Napoleon's Ministers, who saw only contumely for their master and difficulty of maintaining the dignity of their Government at the Courts of Europe. They were mistaken, however, as events proved.

The series of political events which followed the marriage of January 29, 1853, placed France in the foreground of the nations of Europe. It does not matter whether her preëminence rested upon a secure foundation. She stood there, and was respected. The beauty, grace and tact of the Empress were quite as responsible for the condition of affairs as were the schemes of Louis Napoleon's Ministers.

The visit made by the Imperial pair to the Court of St. James, in 1859, confirmed their status, which was more firmly impressed upon the Royalties of Europe when, a few months later, Queen Victoria and her consort returned the visit. The warm personal affection which sprang up in those pleasant days has never waned. Victoria has always treated the ill-fated Eugénie with all the consideration due to her former rank.

The great exposition of 1867 saw France and her Emperor and Empress at the height of their magnificence. The sovereigns of Europe visited Paris and gave all Royal homage that could be desired. After so many years of uncertainty they believed the Empire to be permanent; they greeted Napoleon and Eugénie on equal terms. There was not a shadow on the scene. They beheld only what was on the surface, and they were content; the presence of Eugénie was enough for them, with her wit, her beauty, her grace and her modes, that all the world copied and extolled. They did not know that the hour had almost struck; that Sadowa had made Sedan possible.

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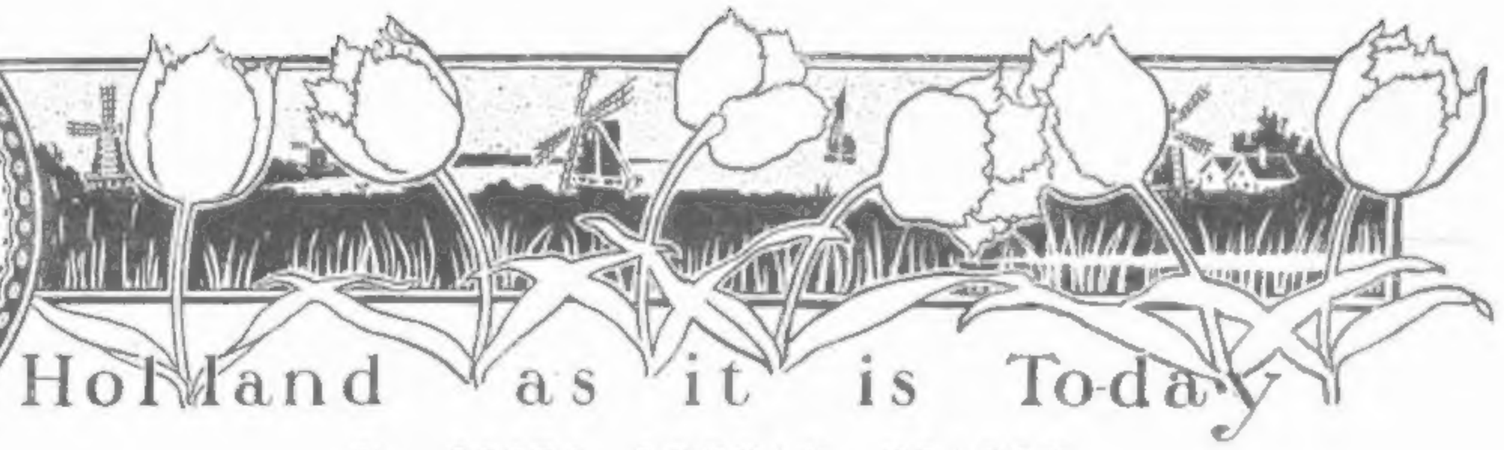
As the troops marched out of the city, on that "holy crusade against the heretic Prussians," Eugénie watched them go, and, striking her breast, said, with eyes all aflame, "*C'est ma guerre*" (It is my war). She was right; but in the war for which she had schemed with mediæval bigotry her own doom was sealed.

And now, like a ghost of the vanished Empire that gave her grandeur, and to which she imparted her richest charms, she steals from the solitude of Chiselhurst to the still greater silence of Notre Dame de Paris, there to pray for the souls of her husband and son. But Republican France concerns itself very little about her in any respect.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The above article, by Walter Littlefield, first appeared in the New York Times.

The New Queen's Country



Holland as it is To-day

By ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON

I HAVE seen Queen Wilhelmina twice: once as a little girl, playing with other white-frocked children in the park—"Het Bosch"—at the Hague, and again last year in the Academy at Venice, studying the pictures with all the undisguised enthusiasm of a cheap tripper.

On this second occasion the young Sovereign of the Netherlands looked a light-haired, pug-nosed girl of medium height, with the blue eyes and pink-and-white complexion of the typical Dutch maiden. A disinterested observer would have dismissed her as a square-chinned, intelligent young woman, not pretty, in a plain gray traveling dress. I remember that she stood a long time before Titian's Presentation, which shows Mary as a child ascending the steps of the temple.

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From such chance encounters I know nothing of the youngest Queen; but of Holland, which welcomes her to the throne with as near an approach to sentimentality as folks who eat five meals a day are capable of feeling—of fat, rich little Holland, which is buttered over the earth only about forty feet thick for an area of not more than 12,600 square miles, it is not so hard to form an impression. After choking over salted fish from Rotterdam to the Helder, and eating my name in gingerbread letters from 's Gravenhage to Groningen, I feel confident that if any ruler in Europe can sleep o' nights, Wilhelmina's head—were it not for the countless and incessant clock chimes—should lie easy on its pillow.

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So long as the grass grows deep and rich in the polders, so long as Frisian butter sells in London or the cheeses of Edam and Alkmaar the world over; so long as the huge, ribbon-striped arms of the windmills continue making and keeping land where Nature meant there should be water; so long as the Dutch East and West Indies yield their revenues; so long as there is money in pepper, cocoa and diamonds, so long, from present appearances, politics in Holland will not be dangerous to the House of Orange.

Watch the short, wide, solemn-faced urchins released from school in any Dutch village. They have no miniature torchlight processions, no drillings of soldiers, no poundings out of "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine" with their wooden shoes. Their delight—a sober, decorous, even a business-like delight—is to sail these same white sabots—chunky, heavy craft like the larger boats they float among—on the sluggish canals, bringing home argosies from far banks or weed-grown reaches. If they run about or start a game, their stockinged feet continue the effect of hush and decorum; not until headed for mevrouw and her darning-needle do they resume their foot-coverings.

Listen to the talk in the shops, or at the tavern, with its sign of "Tapperij" (tap-room) on a broad, bright-green hoop, in golden letters, hung over the entrance door: "How many tons (of cheese) were weighed at the town weighing-house yesterday?"

"Is it true that the pinken have been sighted returning from the herring fishery?"

"The Right Reverend, Very Learned Heer, Dominus Jan Erasmus Droochloot, of the parish of Heiderscheidergrand, maintains——" begins the old grocer who has come across the street for a chat with the inn-keeper.

"Juistament," says the innkeeper; "certainly; you are quite right, Mynheer; but that is not the whole of the question."

A religious war every twelve months, and waged with all the intolerance of religious dissensions; yet a stranger might be in a Dutch city on election day and get no hint that anything was going forward! Clericals and Liberals fight the old fight with obstinate deliberation, but there are no placards, no badges, no flags, no musicians, no polling-booths; "no nothing" to stir up popular demonstrations. It is all done quietly.

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Consider the language itself—that strange old Teutonic tongue that is more guttural than German, and yet so English that it is a perpetual surprise not to understand every word of it. The slow, fishy-blooded burghers cannot get emotional enough over anything to interfere with the distribution of extra vowels with the most extraordinary liberality.

"Can you make him out?" asked a traveling companion, mortified to find himself unintelligible to a tall, cheesy-faced peasant in baggy breeches whom we had met while threading our way along a seemingly endless chain of canal tow-paths.

"How many miles do you say it is to Hoorn?"

"Zwollof en hollof," repeated the peasant stolidly.

"Oh, 'twaalf en half.' Now I understand. Twelve and a half. Thank you," said my companion, bowing politely.

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"Do you see?" he continued to me. "That is like 'elum' for 'elm' with a Down-Easter."

"And now about those Holstein cattle that you——"

They were all about us; great, slow-eyed, black-and-white beauties such as made possible the Dutchman's retort to the Spanish Don who was bragging about his country being better than Holland. "This," said the Spaniard, showing an orange, "is a fruit that my country produces twice a year."

"And this," replied the Dutchman, exhibiting a pound of butter, "is a fruit that my country produces twice a day."

The country through which we were walking was level as a floor. Everywhere swayed the dark-green grass marked off into squares, like a checkerboard or a sheet of molasses gingerbread, by canals and rows of willow trees. We were in a "polder," or drained lake. Long-legged birds like herons rose from the water. Against the sky-line moved a large, square sail, as if a vessel were skimming the surface of the meadows. Over all brooded black clouds, the sullen, heavy-bellied clouds of Holland; the sun broke out with a livid effect at frequent intervals.

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The peasant talked of the cattle, the prices they brought, their records in Holland and America, until we came to the drawbridge of a brick farmhouse with an enormously high hipped roof.

"Good day," he said gravely, and, crossing the moat, dropped his sabots before passing the door leading into the house.

To make friends in Holland it is necessary to eat often, eat heartily, and eat of the diet of the country. It was market-day in Alkmaar, the cheese capital of North Holland. The square in front of the weighing-house was piled with red and yellow globes. The curious boat-shaped wagons of the peasantry, striped and gilded, were coming in from all directions. The streets were full of tall, red and white jungjuffrouws and slow, stumpy mevrouws, young and old alike wearing a gold band across the forehead and gold plates at the sides of the head like a horse's blinders; from these depended earrings shaped like bedsprings. Every woman crowned this glittering head-dress with a white lace cap with wings; a few wore also flower-trimmed hats a little behind the Paris fashion.

We had entered the low, sanded eating room of a neat-looking inn. The table was spread with immaculate linen. The landlady produced a clumsy white earthenware service of dishes and a shining black slop-basin. She set out bread, milk, cheese, thick slices of red beef, and salted fishes of a silvery semi-transparency. She stood over us while we fell to eating; her full-moon face shone with satisfaction. Suddenly she noticed that my companion was using no butter. She pushed the pats nearer. He paid no attention. The "boter" was good, she suggested; her own making. My companion explained that he never ate butter.

Not eat "boter"? Impossible! The landlady waddled from the room. In a minute she returned, her fat white arms encircling a milk-can full of butter, yellow and fragrant. With a bang she dropped it under our noses.

"Boter!" she cried. "My boter! Best boter in Alkmaar!"

Her lace cap fluttered; her spiral earrings quivered defiance. My companion's little Dutch deserted him. Helplessly he glanced from the butter, whose nearness was abhorrent, to the angry woman.

"But, madam," he stammered in English; "I—I—ca-an't—I ca-an't eat butter!"

"My boter! Smell it!" She ducked her head and jerked it up again; the coiled earrings twanged like harpstrings.

"My boter! Eat it!" She seized a knife, she dashed it into the butter, she thrust the loaded weapon at my companion. Throwing down a coin, he fled from the table.

"Madam," he gasped, "I ca-n't eat butter! I never eat it!"

As we turned at the canal-side, the landlady stood in the doorway, pointing us out to a group of gayly dressed peasants who had drawn near, and jabbering excitedly.

To try to get what custom does not provide may result almost as disastrously.

"Melons," said an American at a hotel table in Harlingen; "bring me muskmelons; I can't do without them for breakfast. I must have them!"

"'Mellonz'?" repeated the waiter uncertainly. "Instantly, Your Most High Austerity. Instantly."

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He conferred with the head-waiter. The head-waiter advanced smiling. "'Mellonz,' Mynheer? Your Lordship wishes 'mellonz'?"

"Yes; be quick about them, won't you?"

The head-waiter summoned the proprietor.

"'Mellonz'?" said the proprietor deferentially; "is it 'mellonz' that Mynheer has been so condescending as to ask for? 'Mellonz'—is it?"

"Melons; muskmelons; have you any?"

"Juistament; certainly; Mynheer shall be served immediately. 'Mellonz, mellonz,'" repeated the proprietor musingly.

Slowly a light seemed to dawn upon him.

"Melone?" he insinuated. "Your High Excellency did not by any chance require melone to be served?"

"Say; trot 'em out, can't you? Melons, melone, or whatever you call 'em; I can't be all day about my breakfast. Hasten!"

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A messenger was despatched to the market and in half an hour the American received a small, green, uneatable melon, which cost him in his bill ten cents less than he had paid for a night's lodging.

Except an attack on her butter or cheese, nothing excites a Dutch housekeeper but the frenzy of house-cleaning. Nobody believes in Dutch cleanliness. The stories of cows whose tails are hung up in their stalls to keep them from soiling themselves, and of white muslin lambrequins draped about kitchen fireplaces, are so absurd that, told a thousand times, they pass for fairy tales. I have never seen such things, but I do not doubt them; I have seen trees painted blue, and doubt nothing in Holland!

When you go out of doors in the morning, the deluge seems to have come again. It may be raining—it rains a great deal in Holland—but in any event the streets run rivers. In every Dutch town nearly every street has a canal in the middle. The canal is bordered with trees which overhang the water and shade the roadways. Fronting the roadways are narrow, red brick houses with pointed gables. The soil is so yielding that half the houses are tipsy. Sometimes an entire block leans one way, like a row of trees exposed to savage winds. Sometimes the houses shoulder against each other in pairs, like drunken comrades. The red brick is picked out at doors and windows with white cement, as if wounds received in brawls had been patched and bandaged in this manner.

A CANAL IN THE HAGUE

THE ROYAL PALACE IN AMSTERDAM, WITH THE NEW CHURCH IN WHICH THE CORONATION TOOK PLACE

In the morning these disreputable-looking houses weep floods of tears, which course over the pavements and drain into the canals. The canals, by-the-way, are not clean. Maidservants in purple and white, the maidservants' livery, turn garden-hose against the house-fronts; they scour the steps and the pavement with brickdust; they rub the windowpanes with Spanish white; they polish the brasses; they cumber the street with brooms, pans and furniture. Some say they wash and wipe every blade of grass that comes within their range.

When things have dried off, the unblushing revelers of the night before present a very decent appearance. Every window of every high, narrow front has a green linen shade arranged at precisely the height of every other shade on the block; I have wondered if this is by municipal regulation. Behind the shades are white lace curtains draped primly back to show hanging pots of bright-colored flowers. In front of each window there is probably a flower-box and at the side a "spy" or reflecting mirror. Wire nettings across the lower part of the sash screen the occupants from the view of passers-by.

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The effect is fantastic—the steep gables running up in points, the crane at the top for hoisting weights, the red and white of the brick, the brilliant bars of flowers, the vivid green or blue door. The steps might better be called bridges, for the ground floor is below street level. These are the older Dutch houses; Rotterdam, the Hague and Amsterdam have many villa houses in the French style.

Indoors, a Dutch house gives one the queer sensation of living in a toy house and playing at housekeeping. It is hard to explain why this is so, except that the rooms are small and things seem to be multiplied simply for the sake of having them to pick up and put down; to pat, stroke, dust and have a good time with. The living room, called in Dutch the "home-room," is a comfortable enough apartment, but the company rooms are littered with trinkets of glass, china, beads, shells, wax flowers, dried flowers, apples stuck full of cloves; truck of no value or beauty, but offering scope for the passion of taking care of things.

Either a Dutch bed is huge or there seems to be no bed at all. In Hoorn (pronounced Horn; Cape Horn was named for it) the ancient capital of North Holland, where old-time customs have scarcely been disturbed, I spent an evening in the cheerful sitting-room assigned me and at bedtime rang for the chambermaid.

"I would like to go to my room."

"This is madam's room; does not madam like it?"

"Yes; but I want a bedroom."

"This is madam's bedroom."

The maid—purple and white, like those in the cities—turned a button in the wall, and opened the upper half, so it seemed, of a closet. The bed was on a shelf in the wall as in the catacombs. It was fitted with canopies and ornamented with carvings; there could be no reason for hiding it but the mania for neatness, which cannot satisfy itself as in other countries with "shams."

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My landlady at Hoorn wore the Frisian skullcap or helmet of gold, which, even surmounted by the usual lace cap, made her look like an armored cruiser. To an order for breakfast she listened so easily that it seemed my Dutch was improving. In the morning the table held enough for twenty. The variety of dried and smoked meats and fish and of cheese was bewildering. There were two or three sorts of bread; there were eggs; coffee-pot, teapot and cocoa pot stood in a row. At one end of the table two spirit-lamps stood burning. The touch of an egg solved the mystery; it was raw! Tea, coffee and cocoa were unmade!

Of fluent explanation the landlady in shining armor had understood not one word. In default of knowledge she had set out the whole commissariat. She was "zeer knap," very clever, after all.

Shops are small and dark when they are Dutch; in the larger cities they present no peculiarities. The "gaper," a painted Moor's head, over the druggist's door; the crown of box-leaves that means the arrival of fresh herrings, and other peculiar signs, are still common.

A country villa is one of the most characteristic things in Holland. There are many in the suburbs of Amsterdam belonging to retired merchants. Each has its moat and drawbridge—a canal is the substitute for a fence—and its stuccoed motto; "Groot Genoeg" (large enough), "Buiten Zorg" (without care) or other sentiment. A trip on a steam canal-boat to Zaandam, a few miles from Amsterdam, gives a view of houses painted as variously as "Noah's Arks," and with as much love of gaudy coloring.

Zaandam is the favorite retreat of wealthy ship-builders, and is said to have no poor people; it has also few if any houses of more than one story. Its little wooden cottages are painted rose-pink, purple, yellow; but the favorite hue is grass-green. Each house has a red roof, and is cut up with gables, toy-towers, railings and gingerbread work till it looks like the construction of a boy with a jigsaw and his first set of tools. Some of the houses are set on the water's edge, but more are separated from it by a garden that is Japanese in its small artificialities. Box hedges cut into the shape of animals and birds, dwarf trees twisted, contorted, and with their trunks painted in colors; tiny windmills striped like barbers' poles, summer-houses too small to get inside of, labyrinths no bigger than a pocket handkerchief are among the Dutch gardeners' ideas of beauty and diversion.

Such establishments, tasteless, childish as they appear, are an expression of the strongest National characteristic, as powerful in the man as in the woman—love of the house and of busying one's self infinitely about it and about every inch of the precious home that has been built upon the precious land that has been rescued from the engulfing sea.

The easiest way to see the Dutch farm-house is by the "trekschuit," or canal-boat drawn by horses, which is still the ordinary vehicle of the peasants, in spite of steam canal-boats. As the chunky, green "trekschuit," striped with red and white, moves out of the larger canals into the narrow, watery ribbons that cross and crisscross the landscape, smaller boats are met, loaded with peat or vegetables and drawn by men or, quite as often, by women. There is seldom a lock to pass, but there are many bridges. Sometimes there is nothing to look at but the reeking banks, with their rank green tops; again the boat threads an avenue of willows, or a sudden turn brings one right under the windmill, the "tic-tac" of whose creaking arms had been heard for a quarter of a mile. Sometimes a procession of windmills seems to move across the horizon, huge, menacing. And yet, to those who have stood at the foot of the great Helder dyke and heard the waves dashing against the other side of the barrier, eighteen feet above their heads at high tide, an army of windmills—even windmills with sixty-foot arms—seems poor enough protection against the tide.

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Lunch time comes and the "trekschuit's" passengers pull salted fish and gingerbread out of their pockets—capacious pockets tied about the waist with a string. A tall, yellow-haired girl with the pale blue, glassy eye of Holland wears a coarse straw hat so large that when she takes it off she seems to unroof herself. She has in charge a sturdy boy of three or four years.

"Come, be still," she says to him, as he tumbles about in his baggy breeches, scattering crumbs—an unpardonable offense even on the deck of a canal-boat. The boy rolls out a string of gutturals with the fluency that is exasperating in a foreigner, especially in a foreign youngster.

"To think that a child of that age should know Dutch!" I say to the girl; "it's incredible."

"But why not?" she asks gravely.

She picks up the child and hushes him with a crooning song—a bit of nonsense verse like our Mother Goose rhymes:

"Ik sei er tot Jaap,
Ik sei er tot Jaap,
Ik sei er tot Jaapje, 'sta stil!'
'En waarom woa ik stille staa?
Ik heb van me leben geen kvad gedaan.'
Ik sei er tot Jaapje, 'sta stil!'"

But Jaapje is too busy to keep still. He scrambles about the deck and the deckhouse till the girl takes his hand and says something, pointing—I catch the word:

"Hiem!"

I look and see the "home" of the two Hollanders. A solid-looking brick house rises out of the waving grass, its enormously high, tiled roof, like a truncated pyramid, glistening in the sun. One popular tree stands in front; all around are the green, half-marshy pastures. Behind are solid-looking green barns. At one side is a cheese-house with open sides like a corncrib, through which I can see the red globes set out to cure on the shelves. Past the house and across the canal runs a narrow, straight road with a brick pavement. Cows are deep in the grass. A small, green boat is tied to a stake at the landing. Everything looks comfortable, monotonous, patriarchal. The boat stops; the girl and the child land at the farmhouse door, and I see them no more.

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The Hague, the residence of the Court, is in many ways the least interesting of Dutch cities. It is small, brilliant, cosmopolitan. The pleasing novelty of the towns is absent. The palace, fronting baldly on the street, is not beautiful. The sittings of the States General are most solemn, most orderly. The meetings of the Second Chamber, corresponding to our House of Representatives, are held in a simply furnished council-chamber with the throne at one end and the President's chair at the other. In the middle is a green table with armchairs for the Ministers; right and left are benches for the Deputies. The galleries are seldom filled, for there are never recriminations or personalities or unpleasantnesses. The tide of parliamentary eloquence flows on without a ripple, for a ripple in that quiet country would be marked with a danger buoy.

"Het Bosch," where Wilhelmina used to play, is far more entertaining. The trees of the old forest are among the finest in Europe. In the middle of the forest is the old palace of the Princess of Nassau, which is called "Loo," or the "House in the Woods." Queen Emma and her daughter often drive to it when out on a pleasure trip.

The woods stretch all the way to Scheveningen, which is a curious mixture of a fashionable watering-place and a fishing station. The bathing vans, pulled by stout Flemish horses, go down into the water alongside the squat "pinken," which lie like Ulysses' boats, drawn up on the sand in rows. The gayly dressed lady sits in her hooded beach-chair cheek by jowl with the fish-wife who strides through the sands in preposterous straw hat, red-lined mantle, white petticoat and wooden shoes.

Queen Wilhelmina has only 5,000,000 subjects at home, but she has 30,000,000 in the colonies, and all adore her. She has fewer worries than the ordinary run of Monarchs. Many people have compared her position with that of Queen Victoria sixty-one years ago, but while Holland is not without her anxieties and her grave and important problems, she confronts no such complications as eternally confront Great Britain.

Young, rich, and with a growing country—the Dutch never stop increasing the size of the fatherland with their immense dykes and their windmills; they will certainly have the Zuyder Zee drained in no time—Wilhelmina is unusually fortunate for a Queen.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

Practical Talks By Practical Men

What Keeps Men Down

THE great difference between those who succeed and those who fail does not lie in the amount of work done by each, but in the amount of intelligent work, says Pushing to the Front. Many of those who fail most ignominiously do enough to achieve grand success, but they labor at haphazard, building up with one hand only to tear down with the other soon after its completion.

They do not grasp circumstances and change them into opportunities. They have no faculty of turning honest defeats into telling victories. With ability enough, and time in abundance—the warp and woof of success—they are forever throwing back and forth an empty shuttle, and the real web of life is never woven.

If you ask one of them to state his aim and purpose in life, he will say: "I hardly know yet for what I am best adapted, but I am a thorough believer in genuine hard work, and I am determined to dig early and late all my life, and I know I shall come across something—either gold, silver, or, at least, iron."

I say most emphatically, no. Would an intelligent man dig up a whole continent to find its veins of silver and gold? The man who is forever looking about to see what he can find never finds anything. We find what we seek with all our hearts, and if we look for nothing in particular we find just that and no more. The bee is not the only insect that visits the flower, but it is the only one that carries honey away. It matters not how rich the materials we have gleaned from the years of our study and toil in youth; if we go out in life with no well-defined idea of our future work, there is no happy conjunction of circumstances that will arrange them into an imposing structure, and give it magnificent proportions it does not deserve.

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Why Some Men Never Succeed

EVERY non-successful man has his own reasons for failing. Failures who have given up trying—and the world is full of such—throw dust in their own eyes, and into those of their friends, and deny that all men have equal chances of winning the race of life. Let us see, says Pearson's Weekly.

The successful man and the failure both start from scratch; certainly both have the same chances of winning the race; the onlookers hesitate to back either of the competitors, for both at the outset are likely winners; yet, notwithstanding all these equal chances of victory that both men have in the beginning, the race has hardly begun when the better man of the two "draws away" and in the end wins.

Is this chance? Can anybody with the most elastic imagination believe that fate, or chance, or fortune, or luck has favored the winner? Hardly; yet the failure will rub his eyes and wonder why he lost. So do we; and his friends will pat him on the back sympathetically and wonder, too. They may ascribe his failure to ill-luck. The truth is, he wasn't up to form.

Nobody can command success, as Addison tells us, but we can try to deserve it. The world is full of disappointed men who have in the past striven to win success, who have worked hard, who have denied themselves all pleasures and recreations, who have buckled to and labored incessantly all their lives to woo and win Fortune, but that dame—fickle she may be—has turned her back upon her suitors. Why? cry the failures.

Those who have won have first of all wooed her properly. Her non-successful admirers have perhaps been equally as energetic, as persevering, as sincere, but they have fallen short in their leap, they have miscalculated their distance, have missed the perfect way by which, and which only, you can secure her blessing.

What is this perfect way? The being able to judge properly between the relative importance of this thing and that. Discrimination is a great power and the essence of all judgment. The biography of the successful man is yet to be written wherein it will not be stated that "great discerning judgment" was the lever of his success. If we fail to discern we err in judgment. If we in error give a high place to that which deserves a lower place, our judgment is in fault; we fail to grasp the meaning of relative importance, and the result is failure.

Because a man splatters and splutters, fumes and foams when going about his work, fusses and frets, worries and wearies himself all day long, it does not signify that that man is bound to become a millionaire. He may have an immense supply of energy on hand, and may command at all times volumes of good forcible human steam-power, yet that is not everything. Unless he have the gift of being able to gauge things and fix their relative importance in connection with other matters, his fuming and fretting, spluttering and splattering will be of no avail.

It is the pitiful tale of many a good man who has spent years of his life in trying to succeed, that he cannot get beyond the first rung of the ladder. He moans and groans over his failure, and pitches his tale in such a melancholy key that his domestic circle and his friends of the inner ring think him the most abused man in creation. Sara Bernhardt boasts that "she burns her boats behind her," meaning that she forgets the past. It shows her judgment.

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False Ideas About Getting Rich

"EVERY day we see a few men growing enormously rich without any exertion," is the old cry, says the Dry Goods Chronicle.

The truth seems to be that the people—the plain, plodding people—only see the enormously rich men after they have made their money; they never see them while they are getting there. Away back somewhere in their lives, these enormously rich men have done something. They have worked with a tenacity and an intelligence that would make the packing-box orator and peace-disturber shrivel up. No man, barring a few of fortune's freak-favorites, ever got anything without working for it.

Of course, some are born rich—the nobility, for instance, or those of that glittering circle seen at the opera, the horse show, and other exploitive functions. But of these their riches are as the sea. Where once an atom was, an atom is not; but, mayhap, there is a new atom. Those people can do nothing but buy, buy, buy. Their laces, their diamonds, their food, and even their loves and friendships—they all mean the outpour of money. They pass through the world only by dipping their hands into their gold-bags and scattering the contents.

And any man with a good brain and a good body, or with a fair average of both, can get some of it if he will only half try, if he will quit solving unsolvable problems, and trying to develop schemes to make the active lazy and the dull quick-witted. If he will build a house, or sweep a street, or bake bread, part of this money is for him.

The really serious crime of the money-maker is not making, but keeping it. Happily, human Nature is so constituted that keeping or hoarding, as a general thing, does not exist. Where Nature does produce her occasional miser, she always takes particular care to attach to him persons who make sea-foam of his pile before his lips are well cold. This is her retributive act.

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The Little Things That Augur Success

YOU ask why he is successful, says a writer in the Furniture Journal.

Did you ever see him playing billiards during business hours?

Isn't he always there when you call at his place of business?

Did you ever hear of him neglecting his business for a base-ball game?

When he is engaged at his desk is he writing business letters, or is he attending to a questionable social correspondence?

Isn't he the first one at his place of business in the morning?

Didn't you see him refuse to take a social drink during business hours?

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

Our Expenditures for Humanity

Congress at its last session made appropriations for war purposes for a period ending with the current year aggregating about $500,000,000. Of this sum, $98,000,000 had actually been paid out when hostilities ceased, and pending engagements increased the expenditure to about $150,000,000.

Beyond the last amount the actual expenditures cannot be estimated, but it is apparent that they will fall well within the total appropriation. Retrenchment began immediately after the protocol was signed.

There is much costly work to be done before our new relations are adjusted. A larger active Army and Navy are indispensable for the future. The preparations for the prosperous era of peace will cost a large amount of money. Changing the conditions of life and Government of several millions of people is, under the most advantageous circumstances, an extremely slow process. Yet the cost of reorganizing peace will be less than that of maintaining war. Whatever the ultimate cost may be, the full amount will be cheerfully borne by our people "in the interest of humanity and civilization."

No Money for Church Support

One condition of the American occupation of its new territory will be directly contrary to all Spanish precedent and tradition. In this country the people do not permit the appropriation of public money for sectarian purposes. Every religious denomination stands on an equal plane in the eyes of National and State laws. Every one must support itself and all its educational and benevolent activities. The fullest toleration of belief is allowed, and the utmost freedom for religious organizations to acquire and hold property and administer trusts. They must build themselves up, however, by the generosity and work of their individual members, without threat or coercion. This condition differs radically from that of Spain and several other countries, and will be enforced in all American possessions. Religious organizations will be protected in their present holding, but hereafter they must support themselves. In Porto Rico the church authorities officially inquired concerning their future support, and were amazed at General Wilson's reply.

Legal Cash Value of a Human Being

The decision of Justice Gummere, in the Supreme Court of New Jersey, that the life of a child, in the eye of the law, is worth little or nothing to the father, because the child is of no pecuniary benefit, makes a new record concerning the legal money value of a human being, considered as a whole or in parts. The New York Legislature fixed the value of a human being at $5000, and of his several members at lesser amounts, while prescribed the limit of damages for which a railroad or other corporation could be sued for death or injury. Sympathetic juries are more liberal in their awards.

The heirs of a middle-aged man, drowned in a railroad accident, were given a verdict of $27,500; the highest recorded award for the loss of a leg is $25,000, the owners of many legs have received from $2000 to $10,000 each for them, and for the breaking of a thigh bone, resulting in amputation, a man was deemed injured to the value of $15,000. The Supreme Court of New York fixed the value of an eye at $2000. For the breaking of three ribs, $5000 was awarded; for the loss of a right arm, $4000; for the deafening of one ear, $2000; for injury to both lungs, $5000; for a shock to the nervous system, $2000; for the loss of the thumb and a finger of the right hand, $6500; for the loss of the lower half of a leg, $8000, and for the loss of a toe, $1000.

Developing American Trade Abroad

It is impossible to speak of the great era of prosperity that has already dawned on the United States without appearing boastful, yet the evidences, as frequently indicated in these columns, are unmistakable and universally recognized. The emergence from a long period of depression was well under way when the war broke out. Comparatively few great industries were even temporarily injured by the struggle.

With the cessation of hostilities so near the time of the year when business interests generally begin to improve, an unusual impetus was given in all lines of material development. Much of the large increase in our foreign trade was due to the effects of efforts made in the past to promote such trade by means of commercial museums and sample warehouses opened by American merchants in the large trade centres of Europe and elsewhere. There, local dealers, unable to judge of our manufacturing, agricultural, mining and general commercial capabilities on our own ground, could compare American goods and products with those of other countries. We are now beginning to realize the substantial results of this unique movement to stimulate foreign trade.

The Advantages of an American General Staff

The painful disclosures concerning the handling of the American troops prior to and after the landing in Cuba, and particularly the treatment of the sick and wounded, have called renewed attention to the advantages of a General Staff. This, in many European countries, is a body of officers of large experience in their lines and representing every branch of the military service. The Staff does all the preliminary planning for operations in the field, lays out campaigns, directs special movements, and really has entire charge of men, material and movement. Under it not a man is moved until he is in all respects ready and until absolutely every thing that will facilitate his moving, his camp life, and his treatment when sick or wounded has been provided.

Each officer of a General Staff is individually responsible for the perfect condition of his branch of the service. It is claimed that, with such an organizing and superintending body at the head of our Army, much of the inconvenience, neglect and suffering which our troops had to endure would have been made impossible.

Spain's Huge Deficit Column

According to Spanish authorities the debt incurred on account of troubles in Cuba up to 1895, when the last insurrection broke out, amounted to about $160,000,000, and since then the expenditures had been increased by $450,000,000. Notwithstanding that the United States had declared that it would assume no responsibility for the great Cuban debt, the Spanish people believed to the last that eventually this country would share in the burden of this debt. To this large sum must be added nearly $30,000,000 as the cost of the naval vessels and equipment destroyed at Manila and off Santiago.

Further large losses are imminent for war materials at Havana, San Juan, Manila and elsewhere. The losses on vessels and stores captured by our blockading squadron and the losses of interrupted commerce cannot be estimated. Above all, the war cost the Kingdom the loss of its sovereignty in the entire West Indies and possibly of much in the Pacific; destroyed its influence as a naval power, and reduced its standing commercially and financially among the great nations of the world by many degrees.

Why the Santiago "Round Robin" Was Signed

General Shafter's Generals who signed the "round robin" addressed to him and containing the emphatic words: "This Army must be moved at once, or perish," are said to have committed a breach of military propriety. For many anxious days there had been most disquieting rumors concerning the American Army of Occupation. Serious friction between the medical officers of the Army and the local staff of the Red Cross Society; mismanagement on the part of the Quartermaster's Department; inhumanity in shipping the sick and wounded from Santiago to the North; inadequate medical attention and supplies, and a general failure to afford proper protection to the soldiers, were among the rumors.

Secretary Alger, on the recommendation of the Surgeon General of the Army, ordered General Shafter to move his Army into the interior. It was at a conference to consider this order that the Generals made their protest. Whether insubordinate or not, the act gave the public a clearer view of the situation. It was not many days afterward that General Shafter was directed to embark his Army for the North as rapidly as possible, the movement urged by his Generals.

Who Are the Cubans?

The Cuban American League viewed the protocol as an agreement full of the gravest dangers, and raised the question as to whom Spain relinquished her sovereignty in Cuba. As already indicated in these columns, there is a class of people on the island who have been more or less active against Spain's authorities since 1895, who appear to consider themselves the Cubans, to the exclusion of all others. Neither the insurgents in the field, the troops of Spain nor the people loyal to the mother country constitute the whole body of Cubans. The island has a very cosmopolitan population, and many subjects of various countries, having large pecuniary interests on it, are practically as much Cuban as any class.

The war was not undertaken in the interest of any one class there. Its purpose was to relieve the whole body of people from the gross mismanagement of Spain and its attendant horrors. With this accomplished, the United States cannot consent that hereafter any one class of people shall possess the island. It is pledged to bring about the establishment of a stable government there, for all people who now have or may acquire a legitimate residence there.

Half a Nation Out of Work

A few official figures will show most vigorously some of the reasons for Spain's present condition as a nation. Of an estimated population of 18,000,000, about one-half have no employment and more than one-third are unable to read or write. The various educational institutions have a total of nearly 40,000 professors and teachers and over 1,700,000 pupils. The relation of the number of pupils to the illiterate and the unemployed is most significant. Education is for the nobility and higher classes, not for the mass of the people. Outside of the large cities, both on the peninsula and in the colonies, education is limited to short, and more or less irregular, periods of religious instruction; hence the percentage of illiteracy is much larger than it should be in comparison with the percentage of pupils.

Popular education, as understood here, is unknown there. There can be no doubt but that ignorance has been the bane of the Spanish life and character for many years. With broader, deeper, and more generally diffused knowledge, there would be far less idleness than now exists, and more of the needful familiarity with the great concerns of the day within and without the country.

Pensioned Veterans in Service Again

Indignation has been expressed in several quarters over the act of the United States Commissioner of Pensions in stopping the pensions of Civil War veterans who enlisted for the present war under the President's call for volunteers. The feeling shows a misconception of the purpose of the Federal Government in granting pensions.

To the surviving veteran the pension is an aid toward a respectable support; it was never intended to be a support in itself. Again, the theory of the granting of a pension is that the recipient, because of wounds received or disabilities incurred in the service, is unable to gain a sufficient support by work. If a man is able to earn his own living, he is not honestly entitled to aid, much less support. The action of the Commissioner is based on the assumption that a man able to pass the strict examination necessary for admission to the Army is not incapacitated by a wound or disability from following some helpful occupation. If he is not so incapacitated, he is not entitled to a pension at all, in the spirit of the law.

Sampson and Schley the Victims of Friends

Both Rear Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley have good cause to pray to be delivered from the rashness of their friends. From the time the latter unveiled Admiral Cervera into the harbor of Santiago, and then, on the arrival of the former, became subordinate to him as the Commander in Chief of the North Atlantic Squadron, injudicious persons have been prone to disparage one officer at the expense of the other because the Commander in Chief was lower in actual rank than his brilliant subordinate.

The destruction of the Spanish fleet afforded a pretext for further comparisons detrimental to the officers and to the service. Rear Admiral Sampson was still Commander in Chief and the author of the programme of operations that was successfully carried out. At the moment of Cervera's dash out of the harbor, he was temporarily on duty at a distance from the entrance, and Commodore Schley had the advantage of being on the spot. He fought the enemy loyally and according to the programme, and reported "glory enough for all of us." The critics wished to divest the Commander in Chief of all credit for the victory because he happened to be away on duty, and therefore did not fight the whole battle. Lastly, the assertion that Commodore Schley had declared his willingness to seek Cervera through the mined harbor and had been restrained has been manfully denied by that officer.

The Coming Popular Winter Resort

It would not be surprising if many of our popular winter resorts were superseded in the coming season by Porto Rico. The island has innumerable points of refreshing interest for veteran travelers. It has an excellent climate, attractive scenery, delightful customs, charming antiquities, and most courteous people. It is Americanizing itself with remarkable rapidity.

Everything American is welcomed there with enthusiasm, from the flag to the gold dollar. Capital, commerce and industrial development quickly started for the new land from the States. In more sense than Americans now own the island [illegible] months. Tourists' excursions are now in order, and Atlantic City, St. Augustine, California are bound to be slighted.

New York's Latest Canal Frauds

The New York canal system has got deeper into State politics than ever, and will have an influence on the fall elections that cannot be measured now. Under a constitutional amendment the people voted to expend an aggregate of $9,000,000 for the improvement of the canals. The first surprise came some months ago when State officers reported that almost the entire amount had been expended and that much more would be required to complete work authorized.

Now comes the report of the Canal Investigating Commission, showing that more than $1,000,000 was wrongfully paid out, and that at least $12,000,000 more will be needed for the improvements that were planned to cost only $9,000,000. The Commission made serious charges in their report, but mentioned no names. Governor Black, dissatisfied that the Commission failed to place the blame where it belonged, instructed the Attorney-General to take immediate and effective measures to discover the guilty parties.

A Philippine Compromise

While the trend of American popular sentiment has favored the permanent retention of everything we gained by the war, there is a growing conservative belief that the Island of Luzon and its immediate waters would be sufficient territory to enable the Government to maintain its rights in the Philippines. That this was the view taken by President McKinley and his advisers is indicated in the protocol.

The future of Aguinaldo's Army, like that of Garcia in Cuba, is sure to cause perplexity in the near future. Luzon can be Americanized with much less trouble than the whole group can be controlled. If Aguinaldo chooses to differ from the American policy he can establish himself on another island, and then Spain and not the United States will be bound to hold him in check. There are enough islands to give all the nations of the world a coaling station in the Pacific, if that is what they want, but the United States is entitled to select the choicest fruit of Dewey's victory for itself.

Modern Olympian Games

Efforts have already been started to secure the selection of an American city for the third series of international athletic games on the Baron de Coubertin foundation. These games are to be held every four years at places selected by the International Olympian Committee, a body of fifteen men representing as many countries, the President being a citizen of the country designated to be the seat of the coming games.

The first of these games was held in Athens, Greece, in 1896; when Paris was selected for the second series in 1900. The date of the third, 1904, is yet some time ahead, but as the place for holding it will be chosen and the special committees to organize the games will be appointed in 1900, it has been deemed advisable to start an early agitation in favor of an American city. Should present efforts succeed, the President for the 1904 games will be Professor W. M. Sloane, of Princeton University.

Wisdom Displayed in the First Peace Agreement

In itself the protocol for peace was a remarkably concise and comprehensive document, in which President McKinley stood firmly on the object and victories of the war. The one incomplete clause was that relating to the future of the Philippine Islands. To retain surrender, sell lease, or share with some other nation or nations, this large possession are matters of too far-reaching import to be decided without the maturest consideration. Possibly two-thirds of our citizens favor the retention of the islands, without knowing how much of trouble and expense would be involved therein. With all that has been written and said about them, too little is really known to warrant an opinion as to whether they are worth holding permanently. The protocol happily solves the problem, for the present at least, by relegating the whole question to the judgment of the Peace Commissioners.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

The Waning Power of Lord Salisbury The picture of Lord Salisbury as drawn by Harold Frederic, London correspondent of the New York Times, does not tend to give one an exalted idea of England's Premier. He says: "It has been somehow growing into an article of faith here in the past ten years that when the excessively big and old trees in the forest of international statesmanship are cleared away it will be discovered that Lord Salisbury is much bigger than people thought he was. With the dubious exception of the Pope, they are all gone now, and, unhappily, the effect is to dwarf, not to magnify, the British Premier. He never seemed so small, so unfit for the Titanic burdens he pretends to be carrying, as now. I say 'pretends' because his own people can only defend him by the generous-hearted plea that he is a weary-dispirited, half-sick man who has a mighty current mind, but can only once in a while bring himself to apply it to the details of the Empire's vast business.

"There are Foreign Ministers accredited here who have not been able to secure an interview with him this year. He stares sleepily at such diplomats as gain access to him, hardly with a show of interest, and closes the interview with some irrelevant or cynical remark. If the time for catching the early afternoon train to Hatfield approaches, he has no scruple about telling the most important visitor so, and hurrying off. Meanwhile, the mail he accumulates

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Octavia Hill's Reforms in London The hosts of Miss Hill's American acquaintances will derive pleasure from a knowledge of the great success of her philanthropic undertakings in London. In 1864 she started her crusade against the awful housing of the poor, making a radical departure in what was then recognized as the proper realm of woman's work. Her first efforts were in some of the worst courts and alleys in the city. To-day she and her associates control in every way improvement properties that are not only an improvement to the city, but a paying investment.

The enterprise is not a charity; it is an institution of self-help for the deserving. Miss Hill exercises all the functions of a landlord personally supervising all details of construction, maintenance and management.

In connection with this work she has established the Children's Country Holiday Fund, operating, in a measure, similarly to summer outing and fresh-air plans in the United States, excepting that under her scheme nearly one fourth of the expense is paid by the parents of the children benefited. A third reform was her establishment of provident societies by which the weekly savings of the poor are collected by house-to-house visiting, and cared for till withdrawn.

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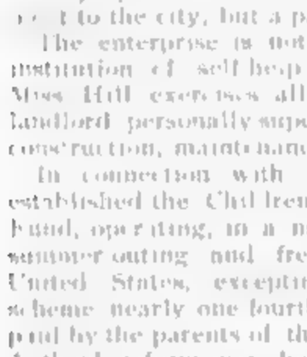
Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews as a Pupil Knew Him Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, who has just accepted the position of superintendent of the Chicago public schools, is one of the few great educators of the land who can inspire in his pupils loving devotion and loyal support. While President of Brown University he was adored by the students, and no athletic victory seemed complete unless "Benny," as he was familiarly and lovingly called, addressed a few words of praise and encouragement to the students on the campus. He entered most enthusiastically into the sports, and never was too busy to attend a baseball or football game.



In the class-room Doctor Andrews never played the pedant—never drove the student. The opinion of the dullest student was respected, and the class-room was the scene of many a helpful discussion. No man ever came under Doctor Andrews without being ennobled, without receiving a broader vision, without feeling the beauty, the majesty of life, of thought, of character. In fact, character was the basis of all Doctor Andrews' teaching. When he addressed the Freshmen annually in Manning Hall he always insisted that in a college education mere learning was secondary in importance, the great lesson of a college course was the formation of character. How well he carried that out in his own teaching every man who ever sat under him can bear witness.

There is one small Anglo-Saxon word in our language which will ever be associated in the writer's mind with the name and memory of Doctor Andrews. When, in the lecture-room, he ever had occasion to refer to some great character he would invariably speak of him as a "big" man. And when that little word, "big," fell from Doctor Andrews' lips the room seemed to enlarge, the man referred to seemed to stand before one with all the greatness of his character and acts. In Doctor Andrews' mouth the word "big" spoke volumes; it was his highest word of praise. And if that word in that sense be applicable to any one it is to Doctor Andrews. He has a "big" mind and a "big" heart. He is, a "big" man, and Chicago will not be slow in appreciating the worth of her new Superintendent of Public Schools.

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Clara Barton's Work in Cuba It is an evidence of phenomenal vitality and superb executive skill that Miss Barton, at an age of over threescore years, is still able to accomplish so much, under circumstances which are nerve-trying and soul-distressing. Almost from the beginning of the Civil War her life has been one of constant activity. During more than thirty-three years' freedom from war in the United States, there have been numerous pestilences and disasters, calling for sudden and protracted exertions by herself and her associates in the American Red Cross work.

It was a great undertaking for a woman of her years to go in person to the relief of the sufferers by the massacres in Armenia, and her individual work there would have broken many a robust man. In Cuba, she has surpassed all her former deeds of mercy. The cry was nearer home, if not louder, than any she had previously answered.

It is impossible to measure the quantity of her work there. Her dispatch from Santiago, in the early days of the American occupation, indicates but a part of the immensity of her work: "Relieved; regularly rationed; no hunger, begging or confusion. El Caney and Guantanamo provided for; all well and proceeding grandly."

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General Pelloux, Italy's New Premier Italy has just passed successfully through a Ministerial crisis, and members of all parties seem well pleased with the new Premier, General Pelloux. He is a man who has always exhibited stanch fidelity to the Monarchy both on the field and in the chamber. In 1892 he held the War portfolio in Rudini's Coalition Ministry.

General Pelloux is a typical military man; he marches straight to a practical point and spends little time in whipping party elements into line. His appointment will in no sense tend to weaken Italian public respect for military authority, as the populace remember him as the commander of the forces engaged in quelling the riots. In short, he is a worthy successor of Rudini, and will materially help Italy at this crisis in her affairs.

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A Nurse Who Never Knew Fear [illegible] nurses at Fort Monroe is a little bit of a lady who works indefatigably. The story is told that one evening a great, strapping, six-foot Sergeant of the Twenty-fourth (colored) Infantry awoke to find the fingers of his great hand inclosed within her dainty hands. He burst into a laugh and asked her if she wasn't afraid of a great, big, burly, colored soldier like himself.

"Afraid?" said she; "no. I love to take the hand of an American soldier or sailor. I was brought up to love and mingle with them, and as for fear, my father taught me never to know what fear meant.

"Who is you, lady, and who is yoh father?" said the colored Sergeant, his curiosity getting the best of him.

"My name is Mrs. Marsh," said she, "and my father is Captain Evans, of the Iowa."

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How Admiral Cervera Bore His Imprisonment Admiral Cervera, our most distinguished Spanish prisoner, bore his confinement in a silent but not a morose manner. He was a silent but a proud prisoner, and, although he was allowed many unusual privileges at Annapolis, he was still very closely watched. When he took his daily walk through the streets of the little town he attracted considerable attention but not of the obtrusive or unpleasant sort. However, he rarely left the Academy during the daytime. He generally took a walk about the grounds in the morning. After dinner he sat under an awning, smoking and reading.

He was also a great writer, turning out an immense amount of manuscript each day. Admiral McNair read and censored every line he wrote. This made the Admiral feel his position very keenly. But he was treated with the greatest consideration and granted many unusual privileges. Eulate, his fellow-prisoner, was his almost constant companion during the day.

Cervera is a man fully six feet tall, exceedingly heavy in build. His neck is large, and there is a suggestion of great power about the chest and shoulders. His beard is white and bushy, his eyes large and blue. The story is told that while the Admiral was taking one of his walks a little girl stepped up to him and said sweetly:

"Good morning, Admiral Cervera!" The big Spaniard bent down deliberately and swung the child clean from the ground and pressed his lips to her forehead—the Spanish way of greeting. Then he went on with a smile. He is evidently a Spaniard with all the higher and nobler qualities of his race. He is an enemy whom we can respect, who has never let warfare hide humanity. No matter how his countrymen may consider him, Americans cannot help admiring him.

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General Miles, the Typical Soldier A splendid physique enables General Miles still to enjoy all outdoor sports and exercises. He is a superb rider, sitting his horse with the graceful ease of a cowboy, and a lover of the chase, especially after the big game of the plains, says the Criterion; yet he does not disdain, together with his charming wife (a niece of the late [illegible] Sherman), to sit astride of the irrepressible wheel, which he has encouraged and popularized for military purposes.

It is in the field that General Miles shows himself the truest soldier. Quick, alert, fearless and untiring, he imparts much of his admirable enthusiasm to all of his subordinates, from whom he exacts and obtains the most thorough and conscientious effort. He has been fortunate, it is true, but even ill luck could never have kept down a man of his capacity, invention and indefatigable energy. The Civil War gave him the opportunity, and the Hispano-American War has, beyond doubt, crowned his already eventful career with added lustre and lasting glory.

His recent study upon the ground of European military systems must have admirably supplemented a long course of professional reading, thought and training. Nowhere, perhaps, has he given greater evidence of his ability for important command than in his prudent insistence upon the invasion of Cuba by a large, fully equipped, well-drilled and disciplined army. In this stand, so freely criticised by an unthinking and irresponsible press, his reasons have been military rather than hygienic, and they have been heartily indorsed by authorities no less eminent than Lord Wolseley, and the distinguished German experts, [illegible] Hoenig, von Elpons and Boguslawski.

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How Georg Ebers Began His Egyptian Studies The late Georg Ebers, the Orientalist and novelist, made Egyptology his central study while at the Universities of Gottingen and Berlin. His early work in this line was of a rather heavy character; but his delightful imaginative compositions, such as Uarda, Egyptian Princess, Homo Sum etc., were written because illness and paralysis prevented Ebers pursuing his more serious studies. He was a most profound scientific student.

In his autobiography Doctor Ebers says that the brothers Grim introduced him to Lepsius, who in turn introduced him to the studies of his choice. As to his relation with Lepsius he says:

He (Lepsius) had inquired about my previous education, and urged me to study philology, archæology, and at least one Semitic language. Later he voluntarily informed me how much he, who had pursued philological, archæological, Sanscrit, and Oriental studies, had been impeded in his youth by having neglected the Semitic languages, which are more nearly allied to the Egyptian. It would be necessary also for me to understand English and Italian, since many things which the Egyptologist ought to know were published in these languages as well as in French. Lastly he advised me to obtain some insight into Sanscrit, which was the point of departure for all linguistic studies.

His requirements raised mountain after mountain in my path; but the thought of being compelled to scale these heights not only did not repel me but seemed extremely attractive. I felt as if my strength increased with the magnitude and multiplicity of the tasks imposed; and, full of joyous excitement, I told Lepsius that I was ready to fulfil his requirements in every detail."

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Eugene Henri Brisson, the Premier of France The head of the newly formed French Cabinet, Eugene Henri Brisson is one of the brightest and most experienced statesmen in the great European Republic, says the Evening Lamp. He accepted the office of Prime Minister when Ferry fell in 1885, but did not long retain it. In 1894 he was one of the candidates for the presidency of the French Republic, and stood second in the poll to Casimir Perrier.

Brisson is a native of Bourges, and is sixty-three years old. He was admitted to the bar of Paris in 1859 and was one of the founders, in 1868, of the Revue Politique. His political experience as a candidate was in 1869 when he ran for a seat in the Corps Legislatif and was defeated. After the revolution of 1870 he was appointed Deputy Mayor of Paris. He won a seat in the Assembly in 1871, and since that time he has been prominent in the politics of his country.

In 1881 he succeeded Gambetta as President of the Chamber, and was reelected in 1883. In the elections of September, 1885, he was the only Republican elected in Paris "au premier tour de scrutin." In 1890 M. Brisson caused much comment by his proposals to compel religious bodies to pay up arrears due under the then new law concerning church property. In 1892 he submitted a capital plan for the reorganization of the French Navy, but he lacked the necessary support of the Naval Budget Committee and his plan fell through. M. Brisson [illegible] strong friends among the politicians of P[illegible]

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Emile Zola's Loyal Friends The expulsion of Emile Zola from the Legion of Honor promises to create a serious division in the organization. The well-known author, Jules Barbier, recently resigned on account of Zola's expulsion, and on the following day M. de Pressensé, the distinguished editor of the Temps, took a similar course, saying it was repugnant to wear a decoration which still ornaments the breast of a man like Esterhazy while it has been removed from that of a great writer simply because he demands that the most elementary principles of law and justice be respected.

Zola has just left Paris for Switzerland. He intends thence to go and stay with the novelist Bjornson, in Norway. By quitting his home, without leaving his address, Zola has rendered it impossible for judgment to be notified to him personally. He has, therefore—for such is the French law—secured the possibility of being tried once more in October under more favorable conditions.

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Ex-Mayor Sutro, the Ideal Host The late ex-Mayor Sutro, of San Francisco, although possessed of great wealth, was most modest. He was of luxurious tastes, and gathered about him a library of great value and many treasures of art. But he despised capitalists, and openly opposed the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. His home, Sutro Heights, had been formed by him into a magnificent public park overlooking San Francisco Bay. But the Southern Pacific Company, controlling the street car lines to the Heights, charged double fare. Sutro tried to have the fare reduced to five cents, and, as the company stood firm, he put a board fence about the Heights and charged all persons coming out by the street car lines twenty-five cents admission, and asked nothing from those coming by other conveyances. Finally he got a franchise to build a new street-car line, and when the Southern Pacific saw that he really intended to build it came down to his terms of five cent fares. Then the fence was torn down.

As a result of this stand against a great corporation the people elected Sutro Mayor of San Francisco. He was an ideal host, and when visitors came to his magnificent home, he would ride down on a blooded horse, with his groom, to greet his guests. After an inspection of the grounds and the curiosities and works of art he had collected, he took keen pleasure in setting before them, perhaps in a tent on the lawn, a feast fit for a King with wines of the very rarest vintage.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XXVIII

MAUD MULLER

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

WITH A PAINTING BY ANN ABERCROMBIE MHOON

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

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The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him a small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

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He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

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Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day,

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

•

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

"AND MAUD WAS LEFT IN THE FIELD ALONE"

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

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And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

•

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing with a timid face,
She felt his pleased eye read her face.

•

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who slept by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

•

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

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Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHEN MAUD MULLER WAS WRITTEN

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, one of America's most famous poets, was born at the homestead near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. He spent his first twenty years chiefly on his father's farm. When he was twenty-one years of age he went to Boston, but only stayed there two years, and returned to Haverhill. He afterward removed to Philadelphia, and here edited the Pennsylvania Freeman, a vigorous anti-slavery paper. In 1840 he went back again to New England and lived at Amesbury, Massachusetts, until his death, in 1892.

His poem, Maud Muller, was first published in the National Era in 1854. Whittier sent this note to the printer with his manuscript:

> The term "chimney lug," which occurs in this poem, refers to the old custom in New England of hanging a pole with hooks attached to it down the chimney to hang pots and kettles on. It is called a lug pole. I mention this for fear the word would not be understood and taken by the printers for something else.

Throughout nearly all of his works Whittier kept the old New England flavor; he wrote charmingly of the country and the customs. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and one of the chief charms of his works, as of his life, is his purity and sweetness. When Maud Muller first appeared there was considerable discussion as to the pronunciation of Muller. To a correspondent who asked Whittier how it should be pronounced the poet replied: "I don't think Maud Muller worth serious analysis; but in answer to thy question I would say, 'Pronounce the name either with the Yankee or German accent, it matters not which.' But Whittier himself always pronounced the "u" as in "gull."

The Making of Character

By REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Thirteen

DYING, Horace Greeley exclaimed: "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow, only the one thing endures—character!"

These weighty words bid all remember that life's one task is the making of manhood. Our world is a college, events are teachers, happiness is the graduating point; character is the diploma God gives man. The forces that increase happiness are many, including money, friends, position; but one thing alone is indispensable to success—personal worth and manhood. He who stands forth clothed with real weight of goodness can neither be feeble in life, nor forgotten in death. Society admires its scholar, but society reveres and loves its hero whose intellect is clothed with goodness. For character is not of the intellect, but of the disposition. Its qualities strike through and color the mind and heart even as summer strikes the matured fruit through and fills it with juicy ripeness.

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Character has been defined as the joint product of nature and nurture. Nature gives the raw material, character is the carved statue. The raw material includes the racial endowment, temperament, degree of vital force, mentality, aptitude for tool or industry; for art or science. These birth-gifts are quantities, fixed and unalterable. No heart-rendings can change the two-talent nature into a ten-talent man. No agony of effort can add a cubit to the stature. The eagle flies over the chasm as easily as an ant crawls over the crack in the ground. Shakespeare wrote Hamlet as easily as Tupper wrote his tales. Once an oak, always an oak. Care and culture can thicken the girth of the tree, but no degree of culture can cause an oak bough to bring forth figs instead of acorns. Rebellion against temperament and circumstance is sure to end in the breaking of the heart. Happiness and success begin with the sincere acceptance of the birth-gift and career God hath chosen.

Since no man can do his best work save as he uses his strongest faculties, the first duty of each is to search out the line of least resistance. He who has a genius for moral themes but has harnessed himself to the plow or the forge, is in danger of wrecking both happiness and character. All such misfits are fatal. No farmer harnesses a fawn to the plow, or puts an ox into the speeding-wagon. Life's problem is to make a right inventory of the gifts one carries. As no carpenter knows what tools are in the box until he unwraps one shining instrument after another, so the instruments in the soul must be unfolded by education.

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The influences shaping nature's raw material into character are many and various. Of old, the seer likened the soul unto clay. The mud falls upon the board before the potter, a rude mass, without form or comeliness. But an hour afterward the clay stands forth adorned with all the beauty of a lovely vase. Thus the soul begins, a mere mass of mind, but hands, many and powerful, soon shape it into the outlines of some noble man or woman. These teachers include home, friendship, occupation, travel, success, love, grief, and death.

1. Life's first teacher is the external world, with its laws. Man begins at zero. The child thrusts his finger into the fire and is burned; thenceforth he learns to restrain himself in the presence of fire, and makes the flames smite the vapor for driving train or ship. The child errs in handling the sharp tool, and cuts himself; thenceforth he lifts up the axe upon the tree. The child mistakes the weight of stone, or the height of stair, and, falling, hard knocks teach him the nature and use of gravity. Daily the thorns that pierce his feet drive him back into the smooth pathway of Nature's laws. The sharp pains that follow each excess teach him the pleasures of sound and right living.

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Nor is there one infraction of law that is not followed by pain. As sharp guards are placed at the side of the bridge over the chasm, to hold men back from the abyss, so Nature's laws are planted on either side of the way of life to prick and scourge erring feet back into the divine way. At length, through much smiting of the body, Nature forces the youth into a knowledge of the world in which he lives. Man learns to carry himself safely within forests, over rivers, through fires, midst winds and storms. Soon every force in Nature stands forth his willing servant; becoming like unto the steeds of the plains, that once were wild, but now are trained, and lend all their strength and force to man's loins and limbs.

Having mastered the realm of physical law, the youth is thrust into the realm of laws domestic and social. He runs up against his mates and friends, often overstepping his own rights and infringing the rights of others. Then some stronger arm falls on his, and drives him back into his own territory. Occasional chastisements through the parent and teacher, friend or enemy, reveal to him the nature of selfishness, and compel the recognition of others. Thus, through long apprenticeship, the youth finds out those laws that fence him round, that press upon him in workshop or in store, at home or abroad. These laws help mature manhood.

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When ideas are put into iron, the iron becomes a loom or an engine. Thus when God's laws are incarnated in a babe, the babe is changed into the likeness of a citizen, a sage or seer. Nature, with her laws, is not only the earliest, but also the most powerful, of life's teachers, for her laws are irrevocable.

2. Temptation is another teacher. Protection gives innocence, but practice gives virtue. For ship timber we pass by the sheltered hothouse, seeking the oak on the stormswept hills. In that beautiful story of the lost paradise, God pulls down the hedge built around Adam and Eve. The government, through a fence outside was succeeded by self-government inside. The hermit and the saint end their career with innocence. But Christ, struggling unto blood against sin, ends His career with character.

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God educates man by giving him complete charge over himself and setting him on the horseback horse of his own will, leaving him to break it by his own strength. Travelers in the Arctics tell us that the wild strawberry attains a sweetness there of which our temperate clime knows nothing. Scientists say that the glow-worm keeps its enemies at bay by the brightness of its own light. Man, by his love of truth and right, becomes his own castle and fortress. The time has gone by for jewelers to protect their gold and gems with iron shutters. They best guard their treasure by removing the iron bars and substituting brilliant lights.

Castelar, says the Index Expurgatorius, and those paternal laws that compelled each Spaniard to ask his church what to think and believe, have robbed the Spanish people of enduring and self-reliant manhood, and made them a race of weaklings. Of old the knights tested the steel of their flashing swords by bending them over their knees.

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Thus every Luther and Cromwell has been tempted and tempered against the day of danger and battle. As the glorious Old Guard were honored in proportion to the number and danger of the wars through which they had passed, so the temptations that seek man's destruction, when conquered, cover him with glory. Ruskin notes that the art epochs have also been epochs of war, upheaval, and tyranny. He accounts for this by saying that when tyranny was hardest, crime blackest, sin ugliest, then, in the recoil and conflict, beauty and heroism attained their highest development.

Studying the rise of the Dutch Republic, Motley notes how the shocks and fiery baptisms of war changed those peasants into patriots. This explains society's enthusiasm for its hero, all scarred and gray. We admire the child's innocence, but it lacks ripeness and maturity; it is only a handful of germs. But every heart kindles and glows when the real, true hero stands forth in the person of some Paul or Savonarola, of some Luther or Lincoln.

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

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3. Life's teachers also include newness and zest. First, man lives his life in fresh personal experiences. Then, by observation, he repeats his life in the career of his children. A third time he journeys around the circle, re-experiencing life in that of his grandchildren. Then, because the newness has passed away and events no longer stimulate his mind, death withdraws him from the scene and enters him in a new school.

Vast is the educational value, therefore, attaching to the newness of life. God is so rich that no day or scene need repeat a former one. The proverb, "We never look upon the same river," tells us that all things are ever changing, and clothes each day with some fresh fascination.

Thus, each day is a new continent to be explored. Each youth is a new creature, full of delightful and mysterious possibilities. Each brain comes clothed with its own secret, having its own orbit, attaining its own unique experience. Ours is a world in which each individual, each country, each age, each day, has a history peculiarly its own. This newness is a perpetual stimulant to curiosity and study. Gladstone's recipe for never growing old is, "Search out some topic in nature or life in which you have never hitherto been interested, and experience its fascinations." For some, once a picture or book has been seen, the pleasure ceases. Delight dies with familiarity. Such persons look back to the days of childhood as to the days of wonder and happiness. But the man of real vision ever beholds each rock, each herb and flower with the big eyes of children.

4. By a strange paradox, men are taught by monotony as well as by newness. Ours is a world where the words, "Blessed be drudgery," are full of meaning. Culture and character come not through consuming excitements nor the whirl of pleasure. The granary is filled, not by the thunderous forces that appeal to the eye and ear, but by the secret, invisible agents; the silent energies, the mighty monarchs hidden in roots and in seeds. What rioting storms cannot do is done by the sap and warm sunshine.

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All the fundamental qualities called patience, perseverance, courage, fidelity, are the grains of drudgery. Character comes with commonplaces. Greatness is through tasks that have become insipid, and by duties that are irksome. The treadmill is a divine teacher. He who shovels sand year in and year out needs not our pity, for, say what we will, each one has his own sand heap. The greatest mind, fulfilling its career, once the freshness has worn off, pursues a hackneyed task and finds the duties irksome. It is better so. The voices of earth are dulled that we may hear the whisper of God. The earth's colors are toned down that we may see things invisible and more beautiful.

All great men have achieved their work through monotony. Ptolemy was one of the founders of astronomy because he dwelt on a plain of sand, where the horizon held not one vine-clad hill nor alluring vista. Wearying of the yellow sea, his thought journeyed along the heavenly highway, and threaded the gauzy maze, until the man became immortal. Moses became the greatest of jurists, because during the forty years when his mind was creative and at its best, he dwelt amid the solitude of the sandhills around Sinai.

Thus, many men achieve reputations when all eyes are focused upon them, who fall into petty worthlessness amid obscurity and monotony. Life's crowning victory belongs to those who have won no brilliant battle, suffered no crushing wrong; who have figured in no great drama, whose sphere was obscure, but who have loved great principles midst small duties, nourished sublime hopes amid vulgar cares, and illustrated eternal principles in trifles.

5. Responsibility is another teacher of righteousness. God educates men by casting them upon their own resources. Man learns to swim by being tossed into life's mælstrom and left to make his way ashore. No youth can learn to sail his life-craft in a lake sequestered and sheltered from all storms, where other vessels never come. Skill comes through sailing one's craft amidst rocks and bars and opposing fleets, amidst storms and whirls and counter currents.

English literature has a proverb about the incapacity of rich men's sons. The rich man himself became mighty because he began in poverty; had no hand to help him forward, and many hands to hold him back. After long wrestling with opposing forces he compacted within himself the strength and foresight, the frugality and wisdom of a score of ordinary men. The school of hard knocks made him a man of might. But his son, cradled in a soft nest, sheltered from every harsh wind, loving ease more than industry, is in danger of coming up without insight into the secrets of his profession or industry.

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Responsibility drives a man to toil and brings out his best gifts. For this reason, the pensions given in England are said to have ruined their men of genius. Johnson wrote his immortal Rasselas to raise money to buy his mother's coffin. Hunger and pain drove Lee to the invention of his loom. Left a widow with a family to support, in mid-life Mrs. Trollope took to authorship and wrote a score of volumes. The most piteous tragedy in English literature is that of Coleridge. Wordsworth called him the most myriad-minded man since Shakespeare, and Lamb thought him "an archangel slightly damaged." The generosity of his friends gave Coleridge a home and all its comforts without the necessity of toil. But ease and lack of responsibility, with opium, wrecked him. Hunger and want would have made him more famous and enriched all English literature. It is responsibility that teaches caution, foresight, prudence, courage, and slowly but surely turns feeblings into giants.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This sermon is taken from A Man's Value to Society. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. The first thirteen sermons in this series are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D.D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI—The Ground of Christian Certainty,	by George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16
VII—Stumbling Stones of Life,	by Andrew P. Peabody, D. D.,	July 23
VIII—The Middle Years of Life,	by R. E. Welsh, A. M.,	July 30
IX—The Power of Personality	by Amory H. Bradford, D. D.,	Aug. 6
X—The Safeguard of Manhood,	by James G. K. McClure, D. D.,	Aug. 20
XI—Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug. 27
XII—What is Your Ideal in Life?	by Hugh Black, A. M., D. D.,	Sept. 3
XIII—The Making of Character,	by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,	Sept. 10

6. The contrasts and extremes of life do much to shape character. Ours is a world that moves from light to dark, from heat to cold, from summer to winter. On the crest to-day, the hero is in the trough to-morrow. David, but yesterday a shepherd boy with his harp, and to-day dwelling in the King's palace; Byron, yesterday unknown, waking to-morrow to find himself famous; men yesterday possessed of plenty, to-day passing into penury—these illustrate some of the many extremes of our daily life.

These contrasts are as striking as those we find on the sunny slopes of the Alps. There the foot-hills are covered with vineyards, while the summits have everlasting snow; while in Iceland the hot springs gush close beside the glaciers. Thus man flits on between light and dark. During his few years, and brief, he experiences many reverses. It is hard for the leader to drop back into the ranks. It is not easy for him who hath led a movement to its success to see his laurels fall leaf by leaf. After a long and dangerous service men, grown old and gray, are succeeded by the youth to whom society owes no debt. Thus man journeys from strength to invalidism, from prosperity to adversity, from joy to sorrow; or goes from utmost misery to fullest happiness; from the worst defeat to the grandest victory.

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7. But when friendship and love have enriched man, deepened all the secret springs of his being, when grief hath refined and suffering mellowed him, then God sends the ideals to stimulate men to new achievements. An ideal is a pattern or plan held up before the man's eye for imitation, realization and guidance. In the heart's innermost temple of silence, whither neither friend nor enemy may ever come, there the soul unveils its secret ideal. The pattern there erected at once proclaims what man is and prophesies what he shall be. "By no political alchemy," says Herbert Spencer, "can we get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." Therefore must that pattern held up before the mind's eye be of the highest and purest. The legend tells us of the master's apprentice, who, from the small bits of glass that had been thrown away, constructed a window of surpassing loveliness. The ideal held up before the boy's mind organized and brought together these broken bits of glass, and wrought them into lines of most perfect beauty.

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Thus by his inner aspirations, man lives and builds. The vision before reason reveals to the toiler a better tool or law, or reform, and the realization of these visions gives social progress. The vision of conscience reveals new possibilities of friendship, and these give the home. As the sun standing upon the horizon orbs itself, first in each dewdrop, and afterward lifts the whole earth forward, so the ideal repeats itself, first in the individual heart, and afterward repeats itself until it lifts all society forward to perfection.

Thus unto man slowly, truly building up his character comes the supreme ideal, when Jesus Christ stands forth fully revealed in His splendor. He is no empty abstraction, no bloodless theory, but bone of our bones, brother of our own body and breath; yet marred by no weakness, scarred by no sin, tossing back temptations as some Gibraltar tosses back the sea's billows and the bits of drift-wood. Though strong, He subdued His strength in the day of battle, and bore Himself like iron.

Yet, though strong, He was so gentle that His white hand felt the fall of the rose leaf, while He inflected His gianthood to the needs of the little child. Nor could He be holden of the bands of death, for He clove a pathway through the grave, and made death's night to shine like the day. "I have but one passion," said Tholuck. "It is He! it is He!" As Shakespeare first reveals to the young poet his real riches of imagination, as Raphael first unveils to the young artist the possibilities of color, so man knows not his infinite capabilities until Jesus Christ stands forth in all His untroubled splendor. Having Him, man has not only his Teacher and Saviour, but also his Master and Model, fulfilling all the needs of the highest manhood and the noblest character.

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NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D., is one of Chicago's foremost clergymen. He preaches in the Central Church, where he succeeded the late Professor Swing. Doctor Hillis stepped from orthodoxy, as represented by a conventional Presbyterian church, to be the leader of one of the most liberal congregations in the country; but he is to-day a member in full standing of the Chicago Presbytery. He is still a young man, and neither in the pulpit nor in private life is there anything in his appearance to suggest his clerical calling. Of a somewhat tall and spare figure, his face is kindly, but serious. Activity and enthusiasm are cardinal features of his strong personality.

Doctor Hillis has been pastor of the Central Church for three years. His training was at Lake Forest University and McCormick Theological Seminary. His first charge was at the First Presbyterian church in Peoria, Illinois, and the second one with the First Church in Evanston, at both of which places large and very commodious structures were built during his pastorates.

Under the Evening Lamp

Half Hours With Song and Story

Ours the Oldest Flag

FEW people know that the flag of the United States is older than those of the other great nations, says the New York Tribune. The Union Jack, the present British emblem, dates from 1801. The French tri-color was adopted in 1794, and the German and Italian banners are no older than the existing administration of those countries. The Spanish flag was first established in 1785.

On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress passed its memorable resolution that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation. It was afterward decided to add a star for every new State admitted to the Union, but this is the only change that has been made from the form adopted by those men who were prominent in establishing the Government.

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The Cause of Yawning

YAWNING is commonly caused by temporary deficiency of the air supply in the lung. When the body is wearied and in a sleepy condition the process of respiration is sometimes involuntarily suspended for a few seconds. Nature at once, however, comes to the rescue, and by setting up a spasmodic action in the muscles of the mouth, throat, and chest, produces a deep inspiration, which compensates for the stoppage of the breathing, and is known as a yawn. There is, another cause which produces what may be called the yawn sympathetic—an involuntary tendency to imitation.

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The World's Most Stupendous Ruins

THE most stupendous ruin in the world is the great Temple at Baalbek, an ancient city of Syria. It seems to have been a kind of pantheon, and is situated on a magnificent platform, which raises it high above the level of the ground, and extends from east to west a distance of about one thousand feet. The portico is at the east, and must have been reached by a grand flight of steps. It is one hundred and eighty feet, or, including the pavilions, two hundred and sixty feet, from north to south. A threshold entrance leads into the first court, hexagonal in shape, and measuring about two hundred and fifty feet from corner to corner. A portal fifty feet wide gives admittance to a grand quadrangle, which extends from east to west for four hundred and forty feet, and has a breadth of three hundred and seventy feet, thus including an area of between three and four acres.

The peristyle of the temple proper was composed of fifty-four columns; the height of their shafts was about sixty-two feet, and their diameter seven feet at the base and about five feet at the top. That part of the great platform on which the peristyle rests consists of immense walls built up about fifty feet from the ground and formed of thirteen courses of beveled stones.

Another marvelous ruin is the Colosseum at Rome, which incloses a space of about five acres, and is said to have been capable of seating eighty-seven thousand spectators. Both of these are ruins of a single building. If we take into consideration groups of ruins we shall be confronted with the wonderful masses of ancient Babylon, of Memphis, of Thebes, and of the temple of Luxor and the remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the cities which were buried by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A. D.

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The Language of the Eyes

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, most of us judge of the people we meet by what we read in their faces, and no part of the human countenance engages our attention so frequently as the eyes. Indeed, as Dr. Louis Robinson shows in Blackwood's Magazine, no feature reveals so much of the owner's personality or emotions, or has such instant effect upon those who observe it.

Dogs habitually watch their master's eyes, and every one has noticed how young children, even before they are able to talk, look at the eyes of persons who approach them and evidently form their opinions and predilection from what those "windows of the soul" express. Sometimes the eyes are more truthful and eloquent than the tongue. We all naturally watch the eyes rather than the lips of those with whom we converse. Steady eyes are regarded as indicative of courage, and an "eagle eye" set under a frowning brow can always command respect, while prominent eyes that are shifty and vacillating produce an exactly opposite impression. Chinese recruits are carefully drilled in the art of looking formidable, their words of command being "Prepare to look fierce! Look fierce! Advance on the enemy!" Perhaps one remnant of this simple strategy is the peaked cap that is worn by the soldiers of several civilized nations, for the headgear throws the eyes into shadow, and lends the face a more stern, soldierly expression.

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Anachronisms of Painters

IN THE gallery of the convent of the Jesuits, at Lisbon, says Success, there is a picture representing Adam in Paradise, dressed in blue breeches with silver buckles, and Eve with a striped petticoat. In the distance appears a procession of Capuchin monks bearing the Cross.

In a country in Holland there is a painting representing the sacrifice of Isaac, in which the painter has depicted Abraham with a blunderbuss in his hand ready to shoot his son. In Spain they have a picture of the same incident, in which the patriarch is armed with a pistol.

At Windsor there is a painting by Antonio Verrio, in which the artist has introduced the portraits of himself and two titled gentlemen of his time—all in long periwigs—as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

A painter of Toledo, in representing the Three Wise Men of the East coming to the Nativity, depicted three Arabian or Indian Kings, two of them white and one black, and all in a kneeling posture. The position of the legs of each figure not being very distinct, he inadvertently painted three black feet for the negro king, and put three white ones to serve for the two white kings.

In another picture of the Nativity is introduced a multitude of little figures finished with true Dutch exactitude. One is accoutred in boots and spurs, and another is holding up as a present a little model of a Dutch ship. In the same collection is a picture of the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, by Le Sœur, showing the martyr attired in the robes of a Roman priest at high mass.

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A Baby's Feet

By ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE

A BABY'S feet, like sea-shell pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet,
On baby's feet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so Heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.—Poems.

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The Cost of a Railroad Car

"I WONDER what it cost," is often the thought of those who ride in the splendidly furnished railroad cars now provided for the traveling public. Recently there appeared a detailed statement of the cost of constructing, at the Altoona, Pennsylvania, shops, a "simple, first-class, modern, luxurious passenger car." Some of the items are as follows:

The wheels and axles represent a cost of $332.35; the trucks upon which the car rests cost $533.62; the air-brake represents $131.75; the seat fixtures—twenty-five in number—cost $50.50; the three bronze lamps, $13.50; the two gas tanks, $84; the chandeliers, $50.72; and the item of screws, which might not appear to be an important one, $51.88. In the construction of this car 2,480 feet of poplar wood, 3,434 of ash, 1,100 of white pine, 2,350 of yellow pine, 450 of hickory, 400 of cherry, 700 of Michigan pine, 500 of oak, and 439 of maple veneer were used. It required in addition thirteen gallons of varnish, forty-five pounds of glue, and nearly 3,000 pounds of iron, exclusive of 800 pounds of iron castings. For the furnishing of the car there were required sixty-nine yards of scarlet plush, forty-four yards of green plush, sixty-one yards of sheeting, and 243 pounds of hair. The springs on the car seats cost $43.17. The basket racks cost $77.35; the sash levers, $42; the bronze window-lifts, $24.40; and the gold leaf for the embellishment of the woodwork, $14.58. For the window fasteners $16.47 worth of material was required; two stoves cost $77.56; and the tin used on the roof of the car, $41.44. The labor required in the construction of the car represents an actual cost of $1,263.94, bringing the total expenditure up to more than $4400.

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The Soldier's Ride With His King

A GERMAN paper tells this little story of a very courteous act of the King of Wurtemberg:

Some time ago a soldier was returning to the barracks of Ludwigsburg from an excursion to the suburbs. It was near the time for evening drill, and he was in fear of being late. Suddenly a small vehicle, driven by a man in civilian's clothes, appeared.

"May I not take the vacant seat at your side, sir?" asked the soldier. "I am late for drill."

"I'll be glad of your company," came the pleasant reply.

The trooper took his seat. A few minutes later, looking at his watch, he grew pale.

"Pardon me," he went on, "but might I ask you to drive faster? I have great fear of my Captain, who is a strict disciplinarian. If I am a minute late he will put me in the guard-house."

"To what barracks do you belong?"

"The K—— barracks."

"Very well; we shall arrive in time."

The driver whipped up his team and in a short time drew up before the gate of the barracks.

"Thank you, sir," said the soldier, in descending.

While the son of Mars was still bowing his acknowledgments the officer on duty at the armory had ordered the guard to present arms. The courteous driver of the vehicle was the King of Wurtemberg.

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Ants That Have Slaves of Their Own

MANY specimens of ants are incapable of managing their own nests or of rearing their young, and these, in consequence, impress into their service the workers of other species of ants, and leave all the rough work to their captives, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Periodically the master ants set off on a slave-hunting expedition. They find out the nest of a special ant, whose aid they need; they raid it, and, overcoming its defenders, enter, and bear off triumphantly the pupæ.

These are carried to the masters' nest, where they are speedily hatched, and toil industriously for their masters. So lazy and dependent upon their willing slaves do the master ants become, that, at length, they are unable to feed themselves. Food has been placed before these lords of the ant creation, and they would not even take the trouble to eat. Then slave ants were introduced; they tidied up the place and fed their masters.

The ants have some method of knowing members of their own tribe; if an ant is put into a strange colony, it is instantly killed as an intruder; while if one is taken from its home and restored to it after a long lapse of time, it is immediately welcomed and recognized. Sir John Lubbock took twelve ants, six from each of two different colonies, and made them drunk; then they were all put back into one of the colonies. The ants carried away their companions, and took care of them until they recovered, while the foreigners were dropped into the water.

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America One Hundred Years Ago

THERE was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

An old copper-mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

Every gentleman wore a queue, and powdered his hair.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticised the sermon was fined.

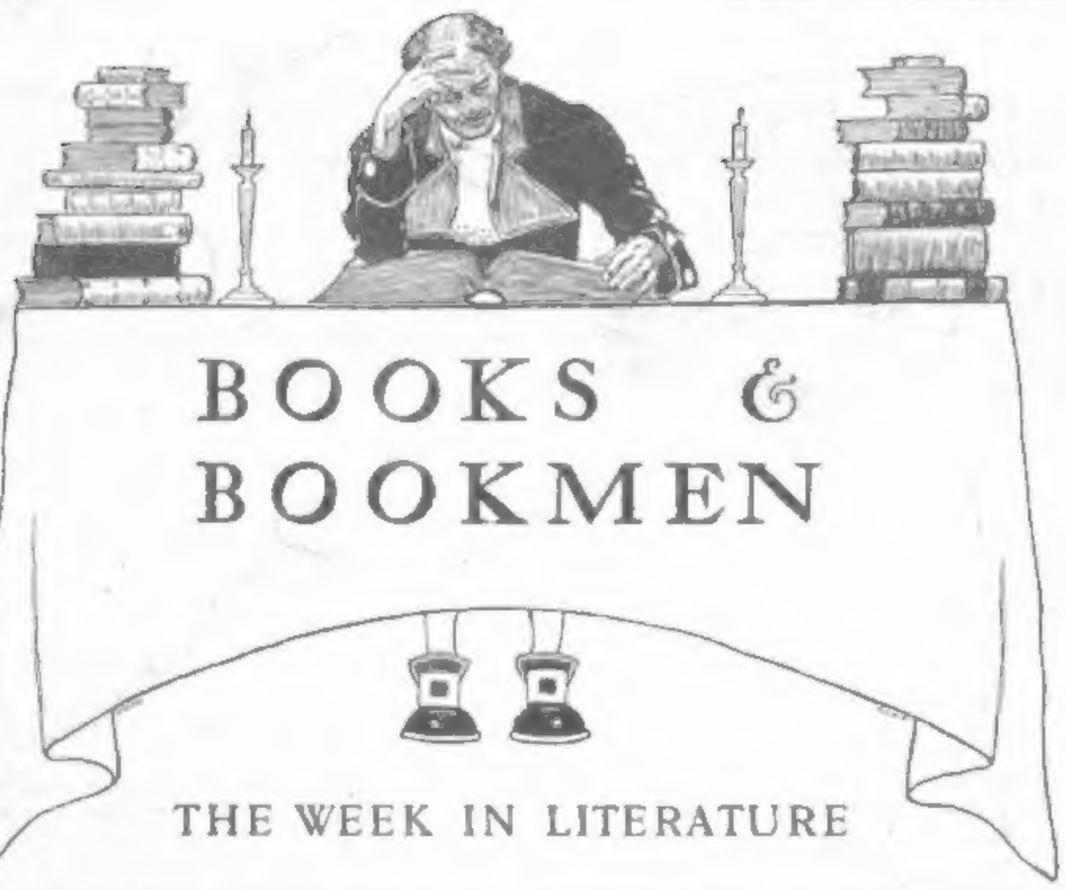
A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground.

Two stage-coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A day-laborer considered himself well-paid with two shillings a day.

When a man had enough tea, he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

The church collection was taken in a bag fastened at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to rouse sleepy contributors.



BOOKS & BOOKMEN

THE WEEK IN LITERATURE

Tales of the Real Gypsy, by Paul Kester.—There was a time when the novel was a thing of three volumes, written in a composite of French and English. But when the world began to whirl a little faster, the question of length adjusted itself; for readers would have none of the lengthy novel of their grandmothers.

The return to English, unmixed and uncompounded as a medium of expression, has not been so general. That school of writers which caters exclusively to the boarding-school and the kitchen will never use it, nor can the average woman writer of better taste at all times be depended upon to put the tempting foreign phrase sternly behind her. Whenever her characters are French, she falls.

In her case it is doubtless a mistaken idea of what gives color and character. She thinks that an occasional Sacré bleu! makes her Frenchman "Frenchier," and a Caramba! here and there heightens the Spanish flavor of her Spaniard.

Mr. Kester's offense against clearness, in his Tales of the Real Gypsy, is not, strictly speaking, of this character, nor is it without some justification; for he reproduces faithfully the speech of his types as it really is. But it is doubtful whether his characters would lose in color or strength—and the interest of his tales would certainly be increased—were there less of the Rommany tongue in his book. On its first page, the author does his worst. For one finds there this unintelligible jargon.

> "No, tye," she answered with the fantastic fear of her people showing in her dark eyes as she watched her child; "he never comes unless you go for him. It's kind of you to do it, and it's thoughtful. But Mandy keks that the tawno tickinus, my little child, can't live by the help of the doctor, nor by yours. Oh, my chavi! miri bittu chavi! my Duvel atch pa tumende, my child, my little child, the Lord watch over you."

But it is worth the reader's while to persist through this, for these tales of van and camp strike a new note. The author takes us to the crackling fire of the gypsy, and there we meet and learn to know in a new way the grave head of the family, the black-eyed, sharp-tongued mother, the laughing, dancing young folks, and My Lady of Egypt, whose palm must be crossed with silver before she will consent to reveal the past, the present and the future. There are six of these stories, and an appendix of scarcely less interest, which deals with the language, traits and history of the gypsies. (The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

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Gladstone: The Man, by David Williamson.—The publishers are fast following in the wake of the newspapers and starting "graveyards," in which the biographies of prominent men are tucked away until the headlines announce that their subjects are dead. Following closely on the death of Gladstone, the volumes on his life and work are piling up thick and fast. Mr. Williamson's "tribute," as the reporters say, is obviously a piece of journalism, well illustrated, but failing to develop the man and his peculiar characteristics strongly. He tells few anecdotes of Gladstone which are both good and new. (James Bowden, New York.)

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The Flags of the World.—Their History Blazonry and Associations, by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A.—When mankind first emerged from a state of savagery, the necessity for "some special sign, distinguishing man from man, tribe from tribe, nation from nation," made itself felt. "This prime necessity once met," Mr. Hulme continues, "around the symbol chosen spirit-stirring memories quickly gather that endear it, and make it the emblem of the power and dignity of those by whom it is borne."

From this point the author proceeds to trace the origin and history of these emblems, giving an enormous amount of information on the subject. In turn, he takes up the flag used by each nation of the world. Flags National, colonial and personal; the ensigns of mighty Empires and the symbols of lost causes; the banners of crusaders and the burgees of yachtsmen, all are accounted for and described in full.

A special chapter is devoted to an explanation of the use of flags in signaling; and a complete index and some thirty pages of colored plates round out the book. That it is instructive and valuable goes without saying. But it is more than that: it is thoroughly interesting and readable. (Frederick Warne & Co., New York and London.)

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Some of Our People, by Lynn Roby Meekins.—It is almost four years now since Mr. Meekins produced a pleasant first impression on the reading public with his Robb's Island Wreck and Other Stories. And the eight tales of this little book, a part republished from the magazines, will surely strengthen the author's hold on his public. They show care and deliberation in writing—rather unusual qualities for a journalist's work—and hold the reader by the truth that is in them. (Williams & Wilkins Co., Balto.)

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Two Volumes of Verse.—In New York Nocturnes, a little book of poems, Charles G. D. Roberts has made a new departure. He develops the romantic and picturesque side of a great city at night, and he treats its familiar scenes in the spirit of the poet of sea, and fields, and woods. The result is distinctly good.

By the Aurelian Wall and Other Elegies, by Bliss Carmen, is another collection of poems which has just been issued. Mr. Carmen stands easily first among the younger poets and these elegies will not weaken his position. One finds in them all those excellencies which have marked his previous work. (Lamson, Wolffe & Company, Boston.)

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A New Force in German Literature.—Hermann Sudermann, whose recently translated Regina is making him known to American bookmen as one of the most powerful of modern European writers, is the son of a Prussian brewer. Young Sudermann knew poverty and hardship. Successively, he was an apothecary's apprentice, a university student, a tutor in a private family, a journalist. From this the novelist was born. His first success, Die Ehre (Honor), a drama produced in Berlin in 1890, gave him an assured position. A demand for his neglected novels immediately sprang up, and each successive work from his pen has attained an enormous circulation.

Sudermann is described as a man of strong personality—a man of the world, calm, self-contained and self-poised. To him success has come early, for he is, at thirty-seven, the leader among the German writers of to-day.

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Praise Without Measure.—In a recent number, the Tailor and Cutter, of London, comments on the dress of well-known English writers.

Mr. Zangwill's lounge suit, it says, might belong to any period during the last ten years; his frock coat is passable, though his trousers "knee" and are too short. Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Hall Caine are "moderately" well-dressed; but Mr. Robert Buchanan is a "rank outsider," for he sins unpardonably by wearing dark trousers in combination with a light coat. Sir Walter Besant dresses so that he might be taken for a "prosperous city merchant," and Mr. Clement Scott selects his clothes so judiciously that he "might easily be mistaken for a prosperous tradesman." Flatterer!

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Familiar Life in Field and Forest, by F. Schuyler Mathews.—Nowadays, when one asks the cause behind some new fancy, fad or freak, the answer invariably returned is—the bicycle. It has been hailed as the maker of health and the breeder of disease. The new woman, bloomers, the decline in the value of horse-flesh, the shrinkage in street railway receipts, and various other sins and blessings have been saddled on the diamond frame. And so, for the unusual number of books dealing in a popular way with the life in our fields and forests which have been published during the past year, one is inclined to hold the wheel responsible. No doubt this healthy interest in Nature, which seems to be steadily growing, is due in part to a closer acquaintance with country roads which the bicycle has made possible for the largest number.

Mr. Mathews, in his new book, handles his subject in a manner calculated to interest that "largest number." He takes us on long rambles through the fields, and talks of the familiar birds and animals he finds there. There is much of the instructive in these talks, but the pill is sugar-coated. An odd feature of the book is the author's interpretation of the songs and cries of birds in musical terms, so that they can be picked out on the piano by the curious. (Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York.)

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What the Writers Have Been Doing

Kipling's new book, The Day's Work, on which he has been engaged for three or four years, will be ready in September.—H. Rider Haggard is embodying his experiences as a farmer on his estate at Ditchingham in a book which he will call The Farmer's Year.—W. W. Jacobs is deep in a new novel, but it will be preceded by a volume of short stories from his pen.—Jerome K. Jerome's Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow will appear this month.—Menie Muriel Dowie is writing a Scotch novel.—Hawaii and the Revolution, meaning the crisis in '93, by an American newspaper woman, Miss Mary Krout, is announced for autumn publication.—Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences is so far advanced that its early publication may be expected.—The second volume of Byron's Letters and Journals will be ready early in the fall.—The Life and Letters of Eugene Field is in preparation by Slason Thompson, of Chicago.—General Miles' volume on Military Europe will be ready September first.—E. F. Benson has written a smart society story entitled The Money Market, which will be issued in October.

Dr. Maurus Jokai's new novel, As We Grow Old, is being translated for American publication.—A volume of Fables for the Frivolous is being written by Guy Wetmore Carryl.—The Californians, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel, will appear early in September.—H. Phelps Whitmarsh, sometime foremast hand, beach-comber and pearl-diver, is completing a candid record of his adventures on land and sea.—George Moore is at work on a sequel to Evelyn Innes.

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